

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLX. No. 2085

London
June 11, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
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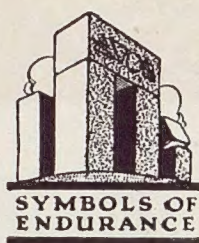


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JUNE 11, 1941



The King—"the Proudest of His People"

No finer tribute has ever been paid to King George VI than that of the Prime Minister of Australia on his return home to Melbourne from his visit to Britain. "The King and Queen represent, in the purest form, the great qualities of courage and sympathy which extend to the poorest quarters in the land," said Mr. Menzies, and went on, "The King daily becomes more like a father. He has wonderful strength, robustness, and vigour. He is the proudest of his people. Nobody dares even mention defeat before him." This picture of His Majesty was taken during a recent visit to the Naval Training Establishment, H.M.S. Alfred. The King celebrates his official birthday to-morrow (June 12); he will actually be forty-six next December



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Anglo-American Relations

AMBASSADOR WINANT went to Washington on his own initiative to give President Roosevelt a first-hand account of conditions in Great Britain and to obtain a personal insight on Administration policy. His talks with his old friend, the President, and with Mr. Cordell Hull will have a vital bearing on future Anglo-American relations.

The intense-eyed Ambassador's sympathies are entirely with Britain. When he praises us he means it, for Mr. Winant is one of the sincerest of men. Behind his reserved manner there is, however, a keen administrative mind. He likes planning and organisation. When the United States enter the war we can rest assured that there will be a co-ordinated plan to cover output of essential material, and strategy, if Mr. Winant has his way. But for his keenness to see the International Labour Office, of which he was the head, safely transferred from Geneva to Montreal, and the displaced staff properly looked after, Mr. Winant would have been United States Secretary for War at this moment. Mr. Roosevelt, well aware of his friend's ability, wanted him to undertake the task of organising and expanding America's army machine. Although Mr. Winant was willing to undertake this important work, the President could not wait. He had to ask Mr. Henry Stimson to take the post. Next to a seat in the Cabinet, Mr. Winant preferred to come to London as Ambassador.

Mr. Winant does not completely hide his own opinion that the sooner the United States enter the war the better; although as a diplomat who must be ever-mindful of public opinion in his own country he has to be careful. He gives himself away, however, by admitting that America's fate is inextricably bound up in ours. It is, therefore, a fairly safe assumption that while in Washington Mr. Winant urged on President Roosevelt the necessity of the closest possible co-ordination of the war effort and war aims on each side of the Atlantic. Mr. Winant is probably the type of man who would like to see a comprehensive strategic plan for the defeat of the Axis powers clearly laid down before America finally declares war.

This conclusion emerges from the fact that prominent Americans during their flying visits to London have inquired if there is such a plan in existence and have scarcely ever been satisfied with the answer they have received in Whitehall. Every day Washington becomes an increasingly important centre of the war effort, and President Roosevelt is likely to emerge more and more as the policy-maker.

Crete Criticism

SINCE the evacuation of Crete—the fourth British evacuation since the war started and therefore still a long way off the total of twenty-three evacuations Napoleon compelled us to make before we defeated him—there has been a quite natural revival of the criticism that our Government are not fighting the war on a planned policy, but merely on day-to-day tactics. This repeated contention has not, so far, disturbed Mr. Churchill. His rounded periods have been an effective reply to his critics. But the tale of unpleasant facts may yet be more than a match for Mr. Churchill's

eloquence. Members back from their constituencies this week brought news that the country took the withdrawal from Crete philosophically enough, as though expecting it. This can be regarded as much as a danger sign as any noisy clamour.

There is little doubt that had Parliament not been in Whitsuntide recess the Government would have had a bad time. The actual number of critics of ministerial policy are few, but effective. Most effective in the House of Commons at the moment is Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell who sits by the side of Earl Winterton on the Opposition Front Bench. As a member of the Labour Party, Mr. Shinwell was offered a post in the Government; but declined it. He could have undertaken a Government mission to the United States; but he declined that also. He believes that his most important job at the moment is to criticise and to keep alive the Opposition in the House of Commons as an essential part of democratic government. Mr. Shinwell does this most efficiently and, let it be said, much more pleasantly than used to be the case. He has lost some of the asperity of manner which marred his debating style formerly, and has added constructive thought to his arguments, which the House of Commons appreciates.

Giving place only to Mr. Lloyd George, the Father of the House, Mr. Shinwell is



Lt. General Sir Ronald Adam

The new Adjutant-General to the Forces, who is an excellent speaker, recently addressed 700 men of the Home Guard, an organisation in which he takes a keen interest. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ronald Adam, C.B., D.S.O., was G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, before he succeeded Major-Gen. H. C. B. Wemyss. His brother, Mr. Colin Forbes Adam of Skipworth Hall, Yorks, was District Commissioner for the Special Area of Durham and Tyneside for five years

undoubtedly No. 1 debater in the present Parliament. Mr. Hore-Belisha is accorded attention because of his former Cabinet rank and his ceaseless political activity, but even his most carefully prepared speeches appear to lack conviction and therefore lose power in their effect on the House. All the same, the Shinwell-Belisha combination, which would carry with it the lanky, long-experienced Conservative, Earl Winterton, and Liberals like Mr. Clement Davies, K.C., is a force which the Government have always to reckon with, for small though it may be numerically it must always be a point from which criticism can be focused. Neither Mr. Shinwell nor Mr. Hore-Belisha has the capacity nor, indeed, the political prospect of emerging as a national leader. Their criticism may prepare the way for the eventual successor to Mr. Churchill, but that time is not with us yet, nor is the man even in sight. Mr. Churchill is in fine fighting form.

Crete Lessons

THE most impartial of observers must admit, however, that the leaders of democracy seem slow to learn the repeated lessons in efficiency provided by the Nazis. It will be interesting to see how quickly the Germans establish aerodromes on the island of Crete and how adequately they defend them. Although we took over Crete more than six months ago we were certainly on the slow side in both these respects. With more anti-aircraft guns to defend better equipped aerodromes the first large-scale air-borne invasion might have been a different story. As it is, there seems little doubt that Hitler had to pay a very heavy price in men and machines for the victory, but the cost means little to him as long as he attains his objective.

No democratic leader can emulate Hitler's example in putting human life at such low value, but democracy can and must, if it is to survive, be more ruthless in search of efficiency. This is the lesson of Crete, which many members of the House of Commons realise only too well. They realise that we shall have to be more ruthless in every section of our war effort—in political frankness, in industrial production, in forthright strategy—if we are to bestow on the world the blessings of a democratic peace.

Already there are signs that Ministers themselves recognise that speeches on the necessity for greater sacrifices are not enough. There must be example. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's rationing of clothes is a case in point. He risked great unpopularity to bring about the means of efficiently assessing the actual clothing requirements of the nation in terms of shipping space and man-power. Lord Woolton, in face of shipping facts, will have to be less sentimental and more ruthless than he has been. It is a pity that he didn't realise this in his earlier days at the Ministry of Food. Mr. Shinwell, than whom there appears to be no more greater authority on shipping in the House of Commons, believes firmly in the wisdom of putting the country on a basic diet at once.

Because he believes that Britain will either lose or win the war in the Atlantic, Mr. Shinwell has persuaded his Party to demand an immediate debate on shipping losses and shipbuilding. This will take place next week in public or secret session. One of the questions Members will ask the Government to answer is: why was it left to President Roosevelt to tell us that our shipping losses exceed the present shipbuilding resources of Britain and the United States combined? There is a real gleam of hope in the shipping position, however. Lord Leathers, the new Minister is described as the most ruthless but most efficient man in the whole industry.



Sailor's Return: Admiral Wellwood Greets Captain Martin

Rear-Admiral Wellwood went aboard H.M.S. "Dorsetshire" to greet Captain B. C. S. Martin when the latter brought his ship back to a British port recently. The "Dorsetshire" was ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, to sink the "Bismarck" with torpedoes at the end of the 1,700-mile chase after the German battleship, and did so at 11.01 on May 27

Front Page News

THE appointment of Sir Gerald Campbell as Director-General of British Information Services in the United States precedes an important debate on propaganda in the House of Commons this week. When the late Lord Lothian was appointed to the Washington Embassy he steadfastly refused to allow any propaganda organisation to be established in the United States. He argued that it would do the British case more harm than good, and in the result he was proved right. In the early days of the war the German propaganda service made all the running in America and helped rather than hindered President Roosevelt to turn public opinion to the side of the democracies. But the stage has been reached now where the United States must have as much accurate and up-to-date news as we can possibly give them.

It has always been one of the mysteries of the war why the Ministry of Information has not been able to give the United States' newspapers a front page story every day on the British part in the biggest battle ever waged to save civilisation. But while men of Fleet Street have thus been mystified, the Ministry of Information has failed and Hitler's men have been able to make the front pages. It will be Sir Gerald Campbell's task to rectify this.

His appointment is largely due to Lord Halifax's recommendation. After carefully surveying the scene from Washington and the piece-meal publicity service gradually being built up, the Ambassador threw up his hands and urged the Cabinet to divest him of all responsibility by setting up a branch office of the Ministry of Information in New York.

Dividing Germany

IMPORTANT as is a rapid service of British news not only in the United States but all over the world, there remains the problem of propaganda in enemy countries. This has been woefully neglected and responsibility for this appears to rest fairly and squarely on the War Cabinet whose members have not shared Hitler's respect for the power of propaganda. Hitler undoubtedly makes his propaganda march with each development of his carefully laid strategic plans. Propaganda

is to him as important a war weapon as the tank and the aeroplane. British propaganda has been allowed to languish in the backwoods (literally) without any dynamic and determined mind and hand to guide it. It is not even co-ordinated with the normal information services. There is a separate control, or a series of separate controls, and little or no guidance from the Prime Minister or the War Cabinet.

The purpose of British propaganda in Germany, for instance, should be to divide the Germans and convince them that they must lose the war under Hitler's leadership. When Hess obligingly landed in this country there was a heaven-sent opportunity to sow doubt in German minds and divide them. The radio waves to Germany were turned on at full blast for a few days, but there seemed no purpose or direction behind the effort. This was the main argument advanced by Members when they asked for the debate on propaganda.

Mr. Duff Cooper cannot be altogether blamed for this. Propaganda as such does not come under his direct control, although he might be able, if he wished, to influence its course considerably in view of the fact that while not a member of

the War Cabinet he can sit in at their deliberations and therefore is aware of the trend of policy. There is no question that it would be more administratively efficient if all branches of Information and Propaganda were the responsibility of one Minister. Mr. Duff Cooper has his defenders as well as detractors. The general consensus of opinion is that under him the Ministry of Information has done better than under any of his predecessors, but that does not dispose of persistent rumours that shortly he will give place to a successor.

Hess Misinformed

RUDOLF HESS has been effectively hidden from public sight and hearing. Whatever brought him to this country in such a dramatic way the Germans are trying as much as the British Government to forget him. To some minds this might indicate that as far as Germany is concerned somebody on high was aware of his intentions. If Hess really came to this country on a peace mission, he was not only badly informed as to the actual conditions here, but also of the determination of the British people and the united support they give the Churchill Government as a whole.

It may be that Hess actually believed the Nazi propaganda stories and imagined we were on the verge of starving and ready to make terms. Which goes to show how good German propaganda must be and how bad their spy system is in this country.



A Portrait of Admiral Holland

Captain Douglas Wales Smith, R.N., painted this portrait of the late Vice-Admiral L. E. Holland, C.B., who lost his life in H.M.S. "Hood." "The Times" wrote of Admiral Holland that he was "one of the most outstanding officers of his generation. By character, abilities and achievement alike he was marked out for high advancement, and his death at a comparatively early stage in his career as a flag officer is a great loss to the Navy"

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Love on the Dole

NEVER, in my writing life, have I known anybody make reference to a charming little book by Halévy called *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*. These are the ultra-respectable parents of a fourteen-year-old ballet dancer whose job is to relieve the tedium of *Faust*, *Guillaume Tell*, and other masterpieces, and make an evening at the Opera tolerable for elderly gentlemen of depraved taste. Don't blame me, reader; I am recording, not inventing, the manners of Paris in the sixties.

Virginie having attained the age of fifteen, it happened one day that a millionaire who was a marquis but no gentleman made certain proposals detrimental to the honour of, but otherwise extremely favourable to, the Cardinal ménage. Up rose that outraged *père de famille*, Monsieur Cardinal. "I decline, Monsieur le Marquis, to permit discussion of such things in my house!" "But," objected the Marquis, "if Virginie and I are to be happy and I am to be allowed to contribute to the general expenses..." Monsieur Cardinal's wrath was terrible to behold. He rose from his chair, saying: "I do not understand the meaning of such language. It is not proper that I should understand it. Besides, I have an appointment at four o'clock which I am anxious not to

miss. In the circumstances permit me, Monsieur le Marquis, to wish you not good day but au revoir."

THE reader has, of course, seen the point—that Halévy's anecdote is the Aristophanic or comic version of Walter Greenwood's Aristotelian or tragic story, now turned into a film, *Love on the Dole*. The novel was good, the play was excellent, and the film showing at the Odeon is half-way between the two.

So far as I can judge. . . . But hold on a bit. If I cannot judge of this film as a piece of photographic realism, who can? I was born within view of Hankey Park where the scene is laid. As an apprentice to the cotton trade I worked in my father's mill on a set of looms across the alley from those run by a lass quite as pretty as Deborah Kerr, and as the son of the boss I fancied myself along the lines of the Marquis in Halévy's story. The lass's name was Florrie. . . . But, as Swinburne sings:—

"You have forgotten my kisses,
And I have forgotten your name."

For there were no kisses; ours was an eye-flirtation. I was desperately shy—we never spoke, I never knew her surname and I certainly never kissed her. If I had known

then what I think now! She pined, was sent away to the seaside and came back to marry a hefty young tackler (a foreman, or loom-supervisor). I ran across one of her sons a year or two ago. He was a blacksmith at Runcorn with a fine army record and six children. But all this is wandering from the point. What are the fruitless amours of an embryo film critic to the rabble? Or rather, to the distinguished readers doing him the honour of perusal forty years later.

THE point is my single qualification, my unique ability to declare this film true or the reverse. (Miss Lejeune was born near Hankey Park, but did not, I think, work in a mill.) Well, I pronounce the film to be as near the reality as the business of entertainment permits. Its chief faults are that Sally's mother (Mary Merrill) is too lady-like, a little too near Mrs. Micawber, and that Sally herself is not hard enough. Part of the brilliance, accidental or otherwise, of Wendy Hiller's performance in the stage-play lay in the subtle implication that, despite Wordsworthian nonsense with the Labour agitator in the leafy purlieus of Boggart Hole Clough, she was of the fibre to support with some equanimity a fate worse than death. And the moralists in the audience had the satisfaction of believing that in a fortnight or so her protector would discover that betrayed innocence had turned his life into a far from merry hell.

Deborah Kerr suggests nothing of this, and her performance is not within a mile of Wendy Hiller's. But it is a charming piece of work by a very pretty and promising beginner, so pretty and so promising that already there is the familiar yapping about "a new star." When I start my School for Film Critics the first lesson I shall strive to inculcate will be that no single play ever made an actress, with the possible exception of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and that the reason a single film can make a star is that because while a star-actress on the stage proper must shine in a whole galaxy of parts, the definition of a film star is any personable young woman who can goo-goo herself into success overnight.

THE best performance in the film comes from Geoffrey Hibbert as Sally's young brother. But surely a point is missed here? Both Harry's father and Harry's mother would have seen the lad in Halifax rather than take the bread out of their mouths to buy him a new suit to go courting in. The point is the emergence from boyhood's knickerbockers to manhood's long trousers—a budding process far more significant than the feminine change from wearing the hair down to putting it up, especially in these days when woman's only concern with her tresses is whether she shall have them tangerine, marmalade, red setter, or the golden variety of cocker spaniel.

Hibbert's performance is excellent, though not so moving as Alex Grandison's in the stage-play. I have never heard of Grandison since, and I warn young Hibbert that, if he is to become a real film-actor, he will have to do a lot more than succeed in a part which plays itself. However, he has done very well for a beginning. There are first-class performances by Maire O'Neill, Marie Ault and two other actresses unidentifiable in the absence of a programme. George Carney and Clifford Evans do well, too.

John Baxter has produced grandly, though I think he should have given us a shot of Sally at her work in the mill and coming home to tea with her hair all covered with cotton fluff. But perhaps times have changed since I ran four looms. Perhaps to-day's mill-hand wears some sort of contraption to protect her chevelure.



The Hardcastle Family at Tea

The Lancashire family whom Walter Greenwood created in his novel "Love on the Dole," and whom he re-created with Ronald Gow's collaboration for the stage in 1935, have now been given a new vivid form of life on the screen. George Carney and Mary Merrill are Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, Deborah Kerr plays Sally (Wendy Hiller took the stage part) and Geoffrey Hibbert is the son of the house. Mr. Agate discusses the film on this page, and more pictures are opposite



High praise has been given by all critics to the four old gossips of Hankey Park, played by Marjorie Rhodes, Maire O'Neill, Iris Vandeleur and Marie Ault

"Love on the Dole"

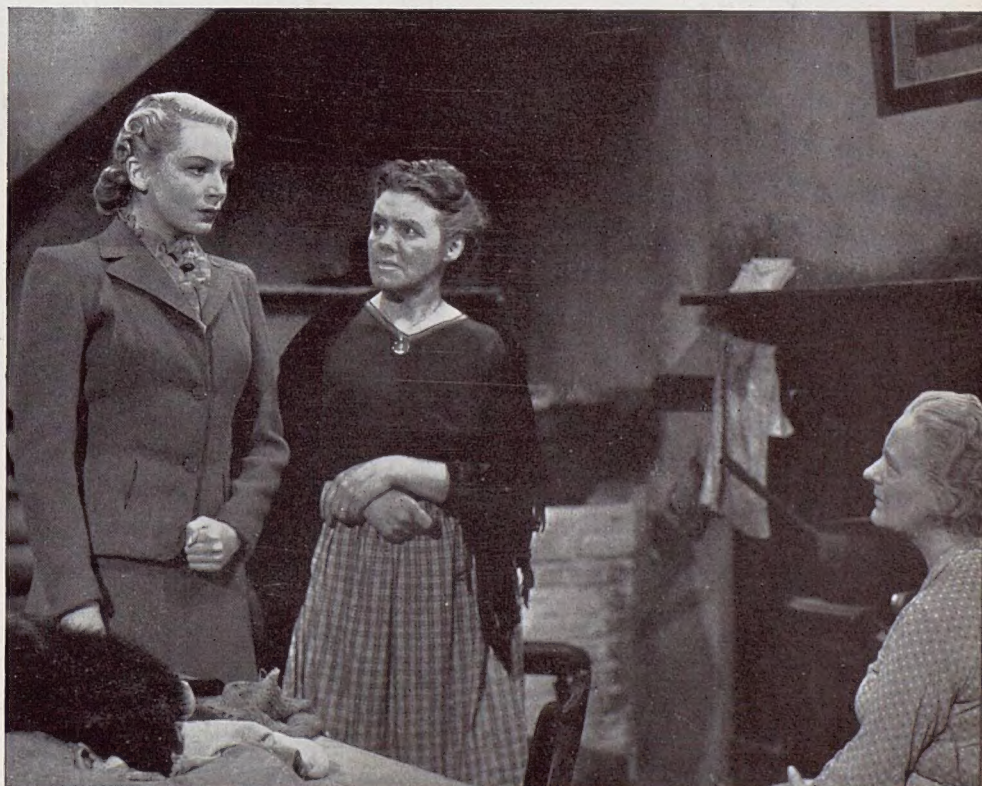
Four Scenes from the Fine Film
Which British National Have Made from
Walter Greenwood's Novel and Play



Sally, the Lancashire mill-girl, is Deborah Kerr who recently played a Salvation Army lass in the film of Shaw's "Major Barbara." Her sweetheart, Larry, the Labour agitator, who dies from injuries after a demonstration of unemployed, is played by Clifford Evans



With the twenty pounds he won on a horse young Hardcastle takes his girl friend Helen to Blackpool. Geoffrey Hibbert, a newcomer to films, gives a performance highly commended by Mr. Agate. Joyce Howard is Helen, and Muriel George is the landlady



Sally (Deborah Kerr) tells her mother (Mary Merrall) that she is going away with Sam Grundy, the rich bookmaker. The horrified neighbour (centre) is Marjorie Rhodes. John Baxter is the brilliant director of "Love on the Dole," which went to the Odeon ten days ago

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Orpheus and Eurydice (New)

A NEW ballet on a warm night in summer is irresistible to those who live by association—and man cannot live, let us always recollect, by bread alone. The mind, and with the mind, the heart goes back to the keen, leaping days of youth: to loiterings outside Covent Garden between *Tamar* and *Petrouchka*; to the hot smell of straw in the nostrils, and the smoky remnants of a missed sunset in the west, and the toot of a horn far off, and chocolate at Appenrodt's to come; to quick sympathies nourished no less by mutual condemnations than by mutual worship; to old delights not, believe me, to be equalled now by growing the very best of turnips or even finding a forgotten pot of strawberry jam in the cupboard.

And when we have seen what we have seen, heard what we have heard, felt what we have felt, can we really play the traitor, and shrug our shoulders over the mediocre, and tolerate the base because it is, after all, so popular, and submit with a smile of resignation to the vulgar because it is dinned into our ears on all sides and there seems to be no getting away from it? Perhaps a new ballet on a warm night in summer revives, by association, our resolution to stand firm, to refuse to be worn down, or ever again to be covered with the shame of standing dumb while some sensitive friend justly flings up his hands in horror over some piece we have let off lightly because we were

too emotionally lazy to be fierce! As a critic I am always making good resolutions to be crueller, but kindness will keep breaking in. And though I found the new ballet, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, slow, tedious, unworthy of Gluck's glorious music, and would bet anybody a fiver the Wells won't be doing it in 1945, I don't want to say so, because I have



Mary Honer as a Fury



Robert Helpmann as Orpheus in Hades

Sketches by
Lee-Elliott

such an admiration for the work of Ninette de Valois and because I don't want her to think I don't want to help her.

I HAD thought that Gluck's pure, profound music would be half the battle. And the combination of singing with ballet is one that has rarely failed. But Mr. Helpmann (what a *Petrouchka* he would be!) was hard put to it to get any variation into the ardours of his trial until the last big scene, when he killed Eurydice



Pamela May as Eurydice

with a look. Moreover, there was too much suiting the action to the word, so that the ballet seemed often to be an illustration of the singing instead of the singing an accompaniment to the ballet. Possibly the moorings of the opera were the root of the trouble and the whole thing would have been better re-conceived. There was no magic in the lyre that made (but not in this ballet) the very ghosts shed tears, and Tantalus, despite his thirst, pause in his quest for water, and Ixion's wheel stand still, and the vulture cease from tearing the giant's liver, and the daughters of Danaus rest from their task of drawing water in a sieve, and Sisyphus sit upon his rock to listen. In all of which there seem to be the elements of a ballet less tenuous than the one actually devised.

OR perhaps the cardinal flaw lay in this: that the ballet sprang originally from Sophie Fedorovitch's elysian costumes, and that this being so, not only should the dancing have been devised for them, but the music should have been written for them. Two seeds cannot produce one flower, unless, of course, one of the seeds is sterile. But there were moments. Every moment of Margot Fonteyn as Love was limpid, pure, uncontaminable. Even when they were taking their calls at the finish, Miss Fonteyn is the one to watch. There are few sights more delightful in the theatre than a prima ballerina accepting her bouquet of applause. And so, we could have gone on applauding Miss Fonteyn all night, if it had not been that Mr. Helpmann in *A Wedding Bouquet* was to follow.

The Laneworthy-Figg Family and Their Creator

Alec Clunes at the Players' Theatre



The Figg family are among the stars of the little Players' Theatre, where audiences sing with the players and interrupt if they feel inclined. Favourite butt of the interrupters and best-liked member of the Figgs is Basset Laneworthy-Figg (below, right), a ham actor of the old school who generally recites—or tries to—a tragic poem about a little che-ild.

(Continued below)

Ready 'to make up as Grandpa Figg



Grimacing at the mirror to see where Grandpa's wrinkles should be drawn



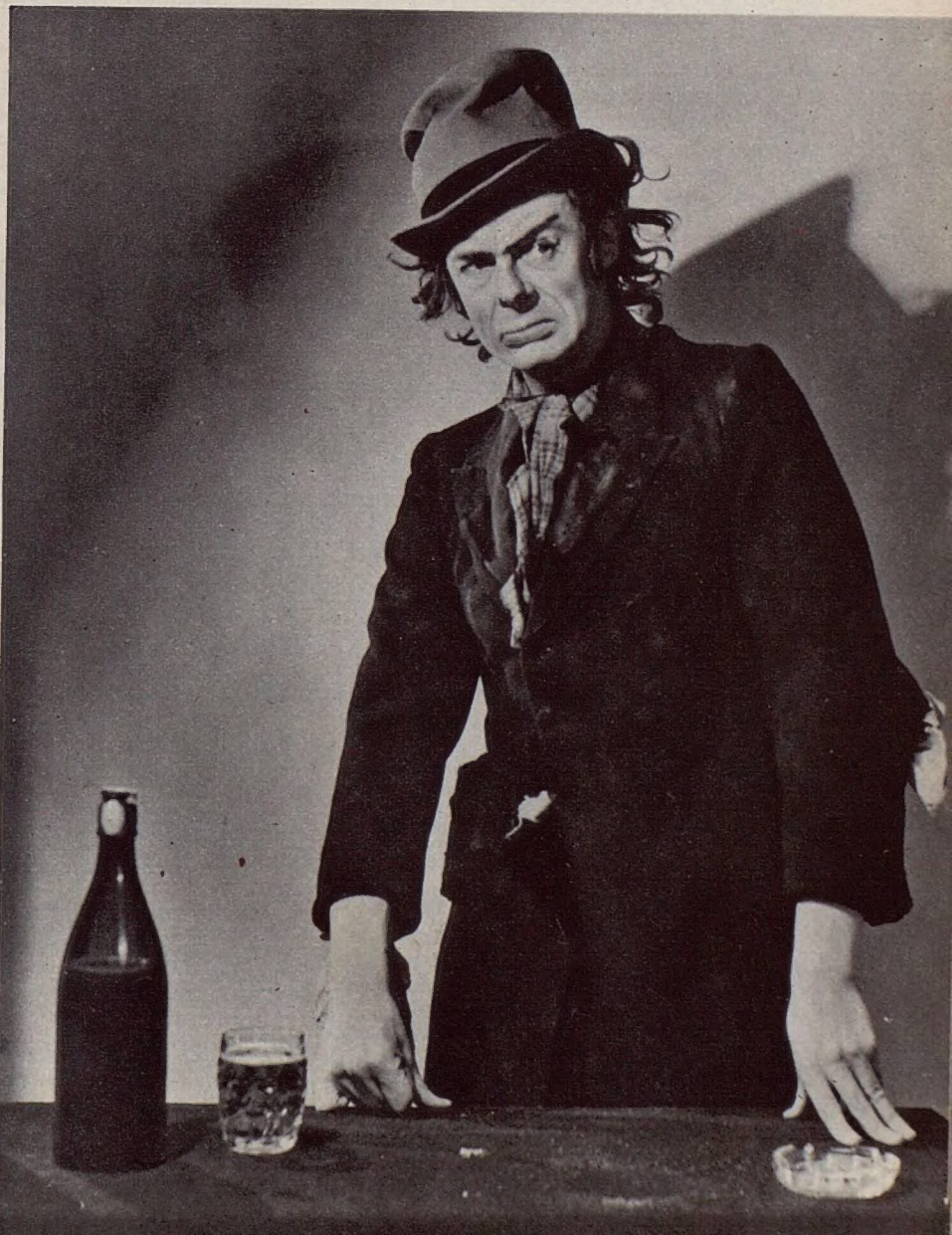
Grandpa Figg waits for his call

Creator and impersonator of this family is a talented young actor, Alec Clunes, who in his more serious moments has been seen in Shakespeare at the Old Vic and Stratford, and in plays and films by modern authors. He comes of theatrical stock, but went into journalism and advertising himself before he decided to go on the stage. Now he belongs to a stretcher party, and hopes to organise entertainments for London A.R.P. depots in his spare time



Family trio: Young Roderick and Grandpa Figg drink a toast to the famous memory of Basset Laneworthy-Figg

"Are you quite sure my reciting won't interfere with your interrupting, Sir?"



Photographs
by Anthony

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

From Canada

NEWS from Canada comes from Lady Eden, wife of Sir Timothy Eden, who, in July of last year, took across the whole of the school she ran at her home, Fritham House, in Hampshire. Her sister, Mrs. Stockley, took nine of the children in advance, and Lady Eden followed with eighteen children, two spaniels, and her own four-weeks-old baby.

They are now handsomely installed in Breakeyville, Quebec, in a house lent by the Breakey family, who have been extremely kind, furnishing the house completely, installing three fire-escapes, a night watchman in the basement, and supplying electricity, heating and upkeep.

There is a Red Cross organisation in the village, and Lady Eden writes most glowingly of the kindness, thoughtfulness and patriotism of the Breakey family and of Canadians in general.

Dogs and Welfare

MRS. BRINSLEY RICHARDS is organiser of the Middlesex Welfare and Comforts, and in the interests of the organisation there was a collection at the Bank Holiday greyhound racing at Park Royal. It was as cold as point-to-points usually are, and we grimly proffered our tins (wearing gaudy-striped cross sashes) in the teeth of the north-east wind. People parted with their small change with surprising agility considering the rush dog racing is, with barely time to get your money on between races.

I had had a happy and successful day at Stamford Bridge the week before, doing forecast betting on a numbers system, but slinking into the "Tote" queue when I should have been shaking my money-box was deservedly unrewarded this time. All the same, it is very fascinating to see the game, slim dogs, so helter-skelter after a very bogus hare—even a four-year-old child would refuse such a bad model.

New Ballet—

It must be annoying to have unqualified people writing about one's work, but always nice to know it has been enjoyed, and I certainly enjoyed Miss Ninette de Valois' new ballet, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, very much indeed. It presents Gluck's opera as a ballet, with two solo voices which add enormously to the effect.

Colour, clothes and decor (by Sophie Fedorovitch) are lovely all through, and the four scenes, which take fifty minutes altogether, seem to be over in twenty, so smooth and enthralling is every moment. The use of fluttering hands by the Furies in Hades is most effective, suggesting a gruesome flight of bats.

Since the Vic-Wells company came back to London various ex-members of it who are now in the Forces have turned up on leave, nostalgically recapturing the smell and atmosphere of the theatre. Terrific cheers greeted the announcement that Gunner Chappell and Ordinary Seaman Ellis would reappear in the music-hall step-dance in *Façade*, one Saturday night. And at a matinée performance Rifleman Raymond made a hurried change from khaki into skating dress to take his old part in *Les Patineurs*.

—And an Old One

AT its first performance, *Orpheus* was followed by Lord Berners' delicious *Wedding Bouquet*, with Constant Lambert speaking the Gertrude Stein words with enormous gusto throughout. They have that mad funniness people are getting fonder of: for instance, of the bridegroom: "They all speak as if they expected him not to be charming." What could be truer? And Violet—"She may be delightful or not, as it happens." John—"An elder brother who regrets the illness of his father"; the bridesmaids—"They may recognise places"; and Webster, the maid—"Webster was a name that was spoken."

There was an entirely full house for the first night, including Michael Redgrave, looking "bronzed and fit," as they say, and Oriel Ross (Lady Poulett) and Claire Luce, both with lovely long hair.

Party Afterwards

THERE was a lovely party afterwards, in Gordon Anthony's studio got up to look like the Tomb of Eurydice. A long glass table loaded with beautiful food (food is beginning to acquire a quite abstract, visual beauty) was the tomb, headed with white lilies and floodlit gauze.

Ballet principals were there—Mr. Constant Lambert, leaning on a stick; Miss Margot Fonteyn, as exquisite off as on, with a cute little bunch of flowers in the front of her royal blue dress, and hair miraculously sleek after the horrors it goes through in *Wedding Bouquet*; Miss Pamela



A Family in Egypt

This new photograph of the Hon. Janitha Stormont Craig, with her parents, Viscount and Viscountess Craigavon, has just arrived in England. She is nine months old, was born in Alexandria last August. Her father is a Paymaster-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., son of the late Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. Her mother, before her marriage in 1939, was Miss Angela Fiona Tatchell, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tatchell, live at 29, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5.



At a War Comforts Sale of Work

Lady Stratheden and Campbell (right) went a round of the stalls with Mrs. Murray, Commandant of the 2nd Selkirkshire V.A.D., after opening a Sale of Work in aid of War Comforts, held at Woodburn Gardens, Selkirk. She was Miss Jean Anstruther-Gray, was married in 1923 to Lord Stratheden and Campbell, a Major in the Coldstream Guards. Their home is at Hartrigge, Jedburgh

May, very slender, with a light-blue panel down the front of her dress; Miss Mary Honor, whose dancing is always so reliably good; Misses Sophie Fedorovitch and Matilda Etches, responsible for decor and dresses.

And, most important, Miss Ninette de Valois, small and attractive and remarkably unfrightening considering the amount of driving force she must have to accomplish what she does.

Among the mere public were Miss Bumble Dawson, in a turban and quivering butterfly brooch, so mobile as almost to appear mechanised, and Messrs. Toby O'Brien and Tom Lindsay, of the British Council.

Civil Defence Party

COLONEL and Mrs. Waterson, of South Africa, gave a party for all Civil Defence workers—W.V.S., Red Cross, Fire Service, A.R.P., stretcher-bearers, rescue parties, L.A.A.S. and M.T.C. Mr. George Black lent the Victoria Palace and all of his Black Vanities for what turned out to be a very jolly morning, including the number where the girls and boys frolic down from the stage and take a turn with the audience. A change from ward-inspection for stern Commandants, and when the young ladies sat on their knees, a daintier burden for stretcher-bearers.

There was a buffet in the interval, and Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke spoke, referring to the angels of the Red Cross (represented by Lady Limerick) and the cherubs of St. John (for whom Lady Louis Mountbatten was a decorative representative).

Lunching in Chelsea—

M R. A. P. HERBERT, in his engagingly lumbering Thames uniform with a real old-salt sweater, was one of the Sunday lunchers in the Sloane Square restaurant which is a favourite of Augustus John's.

—And Further Along the River

THERE was a big E.N.S.A. lunch at the Savoy, with a nice attendance of stars. The Duke of Kent was guest of honour, and sat next to Lady Louis Mountbatten, who made a clear and decisive speech, looking cool and elegant.

Other speakers at the lunch, which was to celebrate the recognition of E.N.S.A. by the Government, included Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Tyrell of Avon, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, whose account of the sinking of the Bismarck was the most dramatic speech of the day.

Basil Dean, whose fair-haired wife, Victoria Hopper, was wearing a large black hat, spoke of members of the Treasury as "charming people." Miss Jean Brough, niece of Mary Brough, was wearing the Royal Cipher brooch presented to her aunt by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. She was with Henry Ainley, his first public appearance for ten years. Diana Wynyard wore a tiny veiled hat perched at a becoming angle, and Rex Harrison was not wearing his monocle. Leslie Banks was there, and Claire Luce, in the latest of cute straw boaters. Florence Desmond had an immense pink chrysanthemum tucked under the brim of her felt hat.

Noel Coward leant elegantly on his cane in the foyer, talking to decorative Frances Day, and George Formby was deputising for Leslie Henson.

Cocktail Party

THERE were lovely flowers, and equally beautiful anchovy eggs, in Captain and Mrs. Dudley Porter's high-up flat when they had a cocktail party the other day. Nice to be in a room with a roof-tops view again, after the basement-burrowing so many people have gone in for. Diagonal bombs striking at the roots of buildings have once more proved that chances are about equal wherever you are, and passing buses are much pleasanter looked down at than up at.

There were several black hats with white flowers on them, black dresses too, with

touches of white. Mr. Richard Law put in an appearance for the Government, and the air was well represented by Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, with Lady Courtney, who was as cheerful as ever, in spite of a still painful ankle, broken a fortnight before, and two goes of blitzing. Sylvia Lady Poulett was up from Cookham, where she is living since her new flat was bombed, and was talking to Baroness Gage. Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe is always a jolly figure at a party, and so is Sir Louis Stirling.

Seen About

IN the favourite bar of the moment, where habitués wear everything from khaki to corduroy, Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, in nursing uniform, was talking to Mr. David Maxwell, Mr. Tony Wheeler, and Sir John Phillips.

Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith was in London, in a neat coat and skirt, and lunchers at Prunier's included Mr. Oliver Stanley, Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, Lord Rennell, and two Dukes—of Devonshire and Buccleuch. Lieut.-Colonel William Goschen, Grenadier Guards (son of Sir William Goschen), was lunching out with two brother-officers. Lord and Lady Amphil and Sir Eric and Lady Phipps were others seen about.

Maugham Alive

THE people in the film *The Letter* really did seem to be Maugham characters come to life—all with that over-emphasis of their particular qualities which really impresses them on the mind, different from the rather woolly under-writing which, like under-acting, sometimes crops up. No Maugham paragraph is ever a pause, and there are no pauses in the film, but lovely spanking drama throughout, with Bette Davis as coldly correct and secretly violent and ruthless as one likes to suppose the best type of Englishwoman to be.

The opening shot is very good—leafy jungle in the foreground, a big white bird on a branch, and over there a lighted bungalow. A door opens; there is a shot—and the bird flies away.

A Civil Defence Services Rally

Mrs. B. Burrows, Countess Spencer and Lady Anne Spencer stood together to watch the march-past of the Civil Defence Services at a rally at Brington, Northants. Countess Spencer, the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, is the Lady Vice-President of the Northants St. John Nursing Association, and her only daughter, Lady Anne, is also in a nursing unit

Oriel Ross was there, too, in a turban; Elizabeth Pollock in very red hair, and Gwen Farrar in trousers.

Chianti was still obtainable—such things will soon become what Imperial Tokay used to be in drinkers' feverish imaginations. And braised ham, for which one would now gladly pass up caviar. Think of the bacon and eggs which used to be a last resort for supper at home!

R.A.F. Benefit-party in America

Viscountess Moore, formerly Miss Joan Carr, of New York, Mr. H. Alphand and the Countess of Abingdon were present at a party held at the American airport, La Guardia. This party, at which many stage stars gave their services, is the first of a series of entertainments being given to raise money for the care of wounded R.A.F. pilots, their families and dependents. The Countess of Abingdon, an untiring worker for British war relief, was Miss Bettine Stuart-Wortley before her marriage

Polish Relief Recital in Oxford

A recital by Mr. Francis Cassel, the pianist, was recently organised in Oxford by Miss Clarissa Borenus, daughter of Professor Tancred Borenus, Secretary-General of the Polish Relief Fund. Miss Sarah Churchill (Mrs. Vic Oliver) made an appeal for the Fund which helps the 60,000 Polish soldiers and 8000 civilian refugees now in this country. In this group at the concert are Mrs. C. J. V. Bellamy, wife of the Mayor of Oxford, Mr. Vic Oliver, Miss Borenus, Mr. Francis Cassel, the Mayor of Oxford, Miss Churchill, Professor Borenus and Sir William Crauford

“Orpheus and Eurydice”

Ninette de Valois' Ballet to
Gluck's Music



As the ballet opens, Orpheus grieves over the grave of Eurydice. Around him are the sad figures of mourners. Behind stands black-veiled Love, who tells him he may, under conditions imposed by the gods, rescue Eurydice from Hades. Sophie Fedorovitch, most poetical of designers, is responsible for dresses and decor

Photographs by Anthony

Ninette de Valois' *Orpheus and Eurydice* to the music of Gluck's opera, presented by the Vic-Wells company at the New, has set its audiences to argument, as every work with a vestige of experiment in it will do. In this case it is the combination of dancers' mime and movements with operatic singing that is in question. To some it seems one of the most beautiful and profound works Miss de Valois has created, reaching a climax of loveliness in the blending of voices, dancing and dramatic action in Eurydice's death scene. To others, as to Mr. Farjeon (on p. 382), it seems unworthy both of the choreographer and of Gluck



The leader of the Furies who guard the entrance to Hades is Mary Honer



Peasants, dancers and children wait for Eurydice's return to earth



June Brae and Jack Hart as two peasants dance a pas de deux. Julia Farron, now absent from the company with a strained muscle, took this part at the first performances



Under the guidance of Love, Orpheus finds Eurydice in the Elysian Fields and begins the long journey back to earth. The gods have forbidden him to look at Eurydice or to comfort her sad bewilderment by telling her why he must avert his eyes. Robert Helpmann and Pamela May are Orpheus and Eurydice, and Margot Fonteyn is Love. The voices of the singers heard during the ballet are those of Nancy Evans (for Orpheus) and Cernwen Rowlands (for Eurydice and Love)

The most visually dramatic moment of the ballet is the scene below, when Orpheus (Robert Helpmann) is speeded on his way to Hades by the massed Furies. The libretto of the opera has been followed throughout the four-scene ballet until the end. Then, after Orpheus, in defiance of the gods, looks at and speaks to her, "Eurydice returns to Hades, thus restoring to the legend of Orpheus its original tragic significance"



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Ace

THE former Yorkshire seat of George Osbaldeston, Esq.—“The Squire”—is up for sale. Let us lay a pensive laurel on the cenotaph of a great forgotten Regency figure who is undoubtedly—even more than that raving lunatic Jack Mytton—the archetype of Mr. Belloc's celebrated Nordic Man.

Five feet six high, with (says the acid Creevey) the features of a foxcub, wealthy Squire Osbaldeston devoted a long and brilliant life exclusively to hunting, racing, steeplechasing, cockfighting, betting, billiards, shooting, cricket, duelling, and other sports, at every one of which he showed himself, as the Pytchley remarked on a presentation cup, “the Best Sportsman of Any Age.” He once brought down 98 pheasants out of 100 for a bet, and 100 brace another day. He was Master of the Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Burton, and one of the reigning gods of the M.C.C., from which he resigned in a fury after losing a match, scratching his name out of the members' book so vehemently that he scratched out two others and was barred henceforth. Big game never came his way, or he would undoubtedly have depopulated Africa of its fauna a century before its time.

Regency racing circles deemed the Squire “sharp,” and Lord George Bentinck accused him of cheating over a £400-£100 racing bet. He was a Fine Old Sporting Type, to whom Dr. Johnson's lines might well apply:

Be sure th'Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.

We are now taking you back to the studio, where Professor Grumble will describe the recently-discovered palæolithic jawbone of King's Burping, Beds.

Revolt

IN Bordeaux, where 42 members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra were blown up by a hidden bomb the other day at the beginning of a concert, according to the *Daily Mail*, the New Order seems to be progressing but slowly. Parisians have objected to German music before—e.g. that uproar at the Opera when *Lohengrin* was first performed there—but the Bordelais are not notably musical and this violence is rather surprising.

It may be that the robotique precision for which Furtwangler's boys are celebrated stirred the restless old Girondin blood to revolt, or it may be that the vineyards have suffered and that a Berlin Philharmonic concert was the last straw. Or possibly Furtwangler himself annoyed the Bordelais by some word or gesture. Conductors are often difficult. Old concert-goers still remember Debussy's first appearance in London to conduct *La Mer*. Some unfortunate first violin or oboe played a false note right at the beginning, whereupon Debussy, white with passion, flung down his baton and hissed abuse at the entire world for some moments, after which they began again.



“Man and boy I've had this pitch for sixty years”

This contretemps made the Queen's Hall audience acutely uncomfortable—those who were alive—and, had not good form forbade, might have led to the storming of the platform and the wrecking of the hall.

Since that time Beecham has frequently ticked off rich women for chattering, and come off unscathed, and conductors have put Schönberg and Hindemith and even more hellish noises across the London musical public with hardly-veiled insolence and entire impunity. This seems to show that if the Bordelais only learned to play cricket, etc., etc.—a fruitful theme for François Mauriac, if that admirable novelist is still studying the fauna of the Bordeaux country.

Doom

BABBLINGS at the Bar have moved the Recorder of Liverpool to rebuke barristers for spreading “foolish gossip” about air-raid damage, and even telling him lies in the Temple.

Lawyers are so accustomed, we take it, to weeping and moaning and bellowing and denouncing human wickedness and untruth in the Courts that they get bored with rectitude and have to relax occasionally. They are slightly abnormal at the moment, also, a chap in the Temple tells us, because of a rumour that the Government proposes to abolish folly, wickedness, and crime by a special Act after the war. A sinless England means, *inter alia*, K.C.s in ragged silk and bedraggled wigs slouching up and down the Embankment and bawling hymns on the kerb, an abandoned Temple, silent Inns, no after-dinner port and Benchers' stories, last year's hats for wives and mistresses, bankruptcy for robe and wigmakers, no more of those parchmenty, prosperous pans in the TATLER on Point-to-Point day, and very, very few jokes from an unemployed Bench.

What steps the Bar and the Law Society are taking to dodge or forestall this stab at their very existence we couldn't learn. They shouldn't leave it too late. Picketing churches and booing the clergy won't be much use when the evil is done and everybody is virtuous.

Discoverer

REMARKING in a recent sermon that it is needless now to deplore the mistakes and crimes which sometimes marked the origins of Empire, the Archbishop of Canterbury was thinking obviously of one or two



“No more Balaclavas for me, I says. I've 'ad my Waterloo”

sloggers like Clive, who still wear their halo in our history-books, which are chiefly written by Whigs. His Grace might have offset this by citing the blameless annexation of Southend, now one of the brightest jewels, etc., etc.

The story of how our old colleague, mentor, idol and conquistador James ("Boss") Agate discovered Southend single-handed and put it on the map of Empire a few years ago has been told a thousand times, especially by himself. We mention it yet again only to remind the world that ruthlessness is not essential to Empire-building. When the *cacique* or head-man of Southend tremblingly emerged from his miserable mud village on the foreshore that historic day, bearing gifts of whelks, Southend Rock, and beer, to greet the Child of the Sun, he little dreamed that what Cortes did to civilise Mexico the Boss could do for Southend in one-fifth of the time and without any preliminary fights with the natives. But so it was; all done by kindness. Southend today, with her majestic palaces and hospitals and universities, convents and churches and schools and wheelstalls, is the Boss's enduring monument even more than that imperial statue on the front which myopic visitors often take for a memorial to Queen Victoria.

Afterthought

IN one thing Boss Agate failed. He could not move the sea any nearer to Southend—unlike that Master of Ceremonies at Brighton who astounded Hazlitt by ordering the tide in with a single peremptory nod. He failed; but it is only human so to do, a chap once told us in the bar of Southend's principal palazzo.

Mirage

IF and when those remarkable new caves I just discovered in the Mendips are fitted with electric light, they will presumably take the overflow of trippers from Cheddar Gorge and add one more illusion to this false life; the illusion being that the new caves will be more exciting, the truth being that when you've seen one cave full of brightly-lit multicoloured limestone cataracts and pillars and stalactites, however beautiful, you've seen them all, unless you're a speleologist.

Last time we stumbled with the patient herd through the Cheddar underworld and listened to the official guide reciting his sober piece by heart we wondered what would happen if he suddenly shouted, "And this dark red stain, you poor saps, is where Rizzio was murdered by the enemies of Mary Queen of Scots." He would have got away with it more easily than they do at Holyrood, where the air is keener and visitors are awake, and sceptics even query those portraits of Scottish Kings stretching back into the dawn of Time. We judged that 99 per cent. of our honest fellow-rubbernecks wouldn't have cared if it was where the Elder Pitt murdered Little Annie Rooney, such is the apathy or hypnotic state produced by lecturing in a close atmosphere; a state many bookish boys have cleverly exploited with women's clubs in the Middle West.

Finis

THAT particular racket is long since bust for ever, a literary agent tells us incidentally. For one thing, the Middle West got sick of the homely pans of British novelists, and for another, women's clubs found they could get the same value more cheaply by banging their heads against a wall (or so this agent said bitterly).

Slur

Nobody who has ever heard Britain's awful Senate (Dr. Young) cheering anything or anybody, such as a British victory or an M.P. sitting on his hat, will readily forget that stern music, a full orchestral symphony in which the falsetto bird-calls of M.P.s and glamour girls who use the upper register are noticeable. Stock Exchange cheers are richer, more florid, and more brassy. Cheers at Lloyd's, a chap tells us who heard the recent Bismarck demonstration, are tuneless but reedy, with a queer wailing, almost hysterical note.

This, he says, is due to the fact that underwriters at Lloyd's are often confused with underwriters at the P.E.N. Club and beaten up in mistake by drunk publishers' narks for not turning in their 80,000 words of tosh a month, as per contract. Underwriters at the P.E.N. Club are practically serfs of the lowest caste and are employed as sweepers and cleaners, while huge bookish girls who habitually overwrite with ease ("1987 pages—25th edition exhausted before printing!") flounce past with sneers, and often blows, and publishers, their gross sensuous faces alive with sadistic glee, devise fresh humiliations for these weak and broken ones. Faugh!

Rap

DESCRIBING Mr. W. H. Auden, aged 33, America's refugee guest and Bloomsbury's chouchou, as "a disgrace

to poetry," Mr. Charles Graves has been asking in print whether the King's Poetry Medal (1938) could not be taken from this Left Wing idol to begin with, and incidentally, what is going to happen to some of his co-mates and brothers in self-sought exile, Messrs. Isherwood, Bunney ("Moral Rearmament") Austin, Fred Perry, *et al.*, when America really starts going.

British poets of military age in the last war did not run away to America but gladly served in arms, and half of them died. The Grenfells, Rupert Brooke, Edmund Blunden, Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Robert Graves, Edward Shanks, Robert Nichols, Francis Ledwidge could nearly all write better verse, moreover, than Mr. Auden, whose gold medal is still a matter for runcible meditation among those who are aware that at least three living poets, including T. S. Eliot, have obviously better claims to it. Our own solution is that the Selection Committee were moved by the same urge as leads an elderly spinster suddenly to turn a cartwheel in the Vicar's presence. Freud has a name for it, we expect.

Posy

REPORTING that fashionable cocktail-bars seem less noisy, their younger clientèle being elsewhere occupied and, when present in the old haunts, sobered and toughened by war-work, a gossip forgot to quote Burns's proud remark on seeing Bonnie Mary of Argyle at a party, flushed but alert:

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
It takes a lot of snifters now
To stew that tiny prune.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Otto plans to place himself outside the War Office and let the Secret Documents be brought to him"

Pianist

Harriet Cohen Organises a Wartime Concert Series

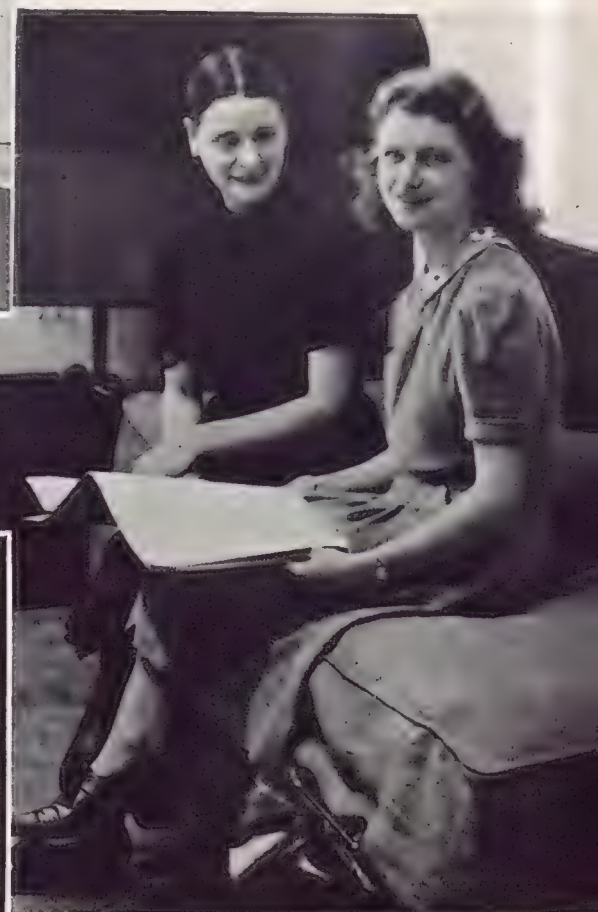
Harriet Cohen, who received the C.B.E. in 1938 for her services to British music abroad, was making an American tour last summer when the London blitz began. She came home soon after, and almost at once was a raid victim herself, losing her house in St. John's Wood and all her belongings. It was then that Major Victor Cazalet, M.P., a personal friend of hers, asked the pianist to organise the Dorchester Hotel series of concerts. Miss Cohen got to work at once, moved into a flat with a studio in Park Lane, borrowed furniture from her friends, and spent her days between telephone, desk and piano. The concerts have been a great success, both in giving young artists a chance to be heard, and workers a chance to hear music for an hour on their way home. They take place every Wednesday at 5.30, and are free, except that a silver collection is made for the Musicians' Benevolent Fund

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe



Rescued treasures from the ruins of her bombed home were these pottery figures, presented to Miss Cohen by the Palestine orchestra when she played with them just before the war

At her piano Harriet Cohen spends a rare moment of relaxation



Fellow-artist is Florence Hooten, the 'cellist, who was discussing with Harriet Cohen details of a programme. Miss Hooten was the first 'cellist to be televised in England

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

If Money Means Happiness?

PEOPLE have such queer ways of finding happiness. Generalisation in joy is like generalisation in love—it probably leads nowhere in your case. Some folk find happiness doing nothing; others, the moment they have nothing to do—dreaming being quite beyond their comprehension—wilt and grow cross. Old Scrooge is always considered a miserable man, but probably he found a kind of inner-contentment in being mean and miserable. You never can tell with anybody, and I simply don't believe that any one is drab and forlorn who can escape from both miseries. The fact probably is that they feel a sort of satisfactory self-fulfilment in being dreary. Look at the number of "elderlies" who seem to thrive on being "not quite so well today." And the "friendless" who seem to enjoy the feeling of being lonely. To grumble is by no means a sign of the grumbler being unhappy. A curse may easily be as good as a smile to him. The tramp is possibly quite a happy man; so also is the man who spends his whole lifetime working his head off. Some people enjoy making money merely to spend it; others just enjoy making money. You can as easily and as uselessly dictate to a man about happiness as you can dictate to him about his morals.

Lots of people who read Mr. John K. Winkler's *Five and Ten: The Fabulous Life of F. W. Woolworth* (Hale, 12s. 6d.), will probably think it is the story of a dull existence, apart from the piling up of more and more millions. Yet, it was certainly the life which the founder of one of the biggest enterprises in the world liked best to lead—otherwise, of course, he wouldn't have led it so relentlessly. All the same, a success story—and this is a tale of endless successes—always leaves most of us cold; so our jealousy tries to get even with the object of our envy by hoping that there was a

lot of dead-sea fruit in the background. And yet, apparently, the only tragedy, as we know tragedy, in Woolworth's life was the fact that he had no heirs who could take his place. Which may, or may not, have been a tragedy, of course—since the heir might have preferred to be a fiddler.

The Monotony of Millions

THE trouble, perhaps, with this success story, as it usually is with all success stories, lies in the fact that success kills the human interest. Woolworth did not invent the one-price bazaar—the Penny Bazaar was surely there before him?—but he did seize the right time for his golden opportunity. So, from being a mere unpaid apprentice in a remote country town he became, thanks to his own business acumen, one of the richest men in the world. And a household word in that world as well.

His first business deal was in pocket handkerchiefs. This deal being a success, he launched out in other cheap articles, until, as every one knows, he at length bought up goods by the million. All his life he lived for his business alone apparently, thinking only of his shops and, later on, of being a multi-millionaire. If his private life is anything to go by, there was no room in his brain for other ways of thinking. Which certainly makes him an impressive figure, but not a strikingly interesting one. As most of us understand joy, there seemed to be precious little of it in Woolworth's life. But then, our understanding of joy would probably have bored him as being a waste of time. Maybe, his biographer also becomes a little too awed by such success, such a colossal fortune. And this probably is the reason why his subject never quite becomes a human being. Even in private life, at which Mr Winkler seems not to be quite so impressed, one feels rather as if the biography were a



A Y.M.C.A. Worker in Hertfordshire

Miss Bridget de Bathe, only daughter of the late Captain Patrick de Bathe and Mrs. de Bathe, of Cambridge House, Baldock, Hertfordshire, is working in that neighbourhood, with a Y.M.C.A. canteen tea car for the use of the troops. She is a half-sister of Sir Christopher de Bathe, Bt., now serving in the R.A.F. He succeeded his uncle, Sir Hugo, last year

prolonged interview rather than a revelation. Although the truth may lie in the fact that a story which describes such prolonged and relentless worldly success does incline to become monotonous.

However, the slow growth of the Woolworth chain stores from their tiny beginning to their ultimate number and magnitude cannot fail to make an interesting story, as these kind of stories go. And the moral behind all this success lay in endless small economies and relentless attention to detail. Which is, I suppose, the moral behind all successful ventures which are not merely a question of luck. And, at any rate, I, for one, will always admire the story of how Woolworth himself one day went into one of his own stores and "pinched" articles up to the value of several pounds; thus



Ballet in Glasgow: Some of the First Night Audience

Captain Hutchins, R.N., Mr. G. Charles, and Lady Jean Graham, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, were in the first night audience at the Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow, when the International Ballet Company opened its season. This company has been organised and is directed by Mona Inglesby, a young dancer who gave a season of ballet at the Cambridge Theatre, London, some time ago

Mrs. Hutchins, wife of Captain Hutchins who holds a command in the West of Scotland, Mr. Norman Ablett and the Duchess of Montrose were other enthusiasts enjoying the new ballets, three of which are by Mona Inglesby herself. Harold Turfiter, who is joining the R.A.F. as a physical training instructor, was given special leave to take part in the season. After a north country tour the company plans to come to a London theatre

With Silent Friends

(continued)

bringing about the subsequent detection system which at least has stemmed most of the mysterious thefts which ate so alarmingly into profits.

The Woman Who Wouldn't Give Up

THE heroine of Miss Evelyn Fabyan's novel, *The Varleys of the New Forest* (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.), is one of those middle-aged vamps who neither know when it is dangerous to begin or when to leave off. In reality, vamping was the only thing she could do. Within her mind and temperament there was absolutely nothing else. So she went on vamping. She was still beautiful, and she appeared as innocent as her daughter, but she had only to look at any young man, who wasn't by his appearance in direct descent from a gargoyle, to show a leg, and I don't mean this to be metaphorically speaking either. Well, she got away with it to her own complete satisfaction. Her husband and children scarcely once suspected her. The husband must have been something of a fool, perhaps, or else so conceited that he thought no vow of fidelity could possibly be broken where he was concerned.

The trouble, however, with Lady Varley, so far as I was concerned, lay in the fact that she never "vamped" me. Indeed, her technique was so tu'pence-coloured that the wonder is the whole world did not know her for what she was, to say nothing of the servants. I can even imagine that in reality she and her glamour must have been a wee bit tiresome. However, in a book there is no question of her success. Unfortunately, like most ageing syrens she got reckless as she got less alluring. Trouble to Lady Varley came when she tried her best

to rob her daughter of her lover. Then the fresh fat was decidedly in the dying fire.

There is a dramatic dénouement at the end of this quite good story which is more than enough to satisfy an outraged decency and content all those who had wanted to square Lady Varley's amorous pitch from the moment when her commonest parlour-game-for-two began to be played. It says much for Miss Fabyan's ability to draw a vain woman with only one definite idea in her head that I, for one, would have liked to have been an eye-witness of the family row.

A Beautiful and Stimulating Book

NOT for a long time have I read a more stimulating book than Leonora Eyles' *For My Enemy Daughter* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.). In the welter of war books and mere stories it stands out as something permanent to be read again and again. Some little time back her daughter married a cultivated young Italian in England. Her husband went back to Rome to work in the university there; his English wife accompanying him. They have now a young baby. Since Italy, however, came into the war on the German side, Mrs. Eyles has heard nothing from her daughter. The present book, therefore, contains nine long letters which she hopes that, should she, the mother, be killed, her daughter will still be able to hear her voice and to understand her better, perhaps, than if they had remained together.

This is a book of self-revelation—as sane and sensible, as honest and as little egotistical as any one might wish to read. It is a book of intimate memories, but there is much more to it than this. It is the outpouring of a mind rich in so many things rarely to be found in a woman's autobiography. Her opinions on religion, sex, society and education are as unconventional as they are deeply felt and considered. All the way through it is the product of an inquiring spirit which will take nothing on faith, but builds upon experience,

observation, and a prolonged fight with itself to get at the truth and nothing but the truth as life itself has revealed it.

For example, her views on sex may be startling, but they are sane ones and although her own life has been a hard one there is no moment of self-pity or of the weakness, which is abhorrent to her, of emotional self-indulgence. The letter on education is equally remarkable. She is convinced that most of the State Education is along the wrong lines; breeding, she is convinced, a people without initiative, responsibility and self-respect, and robbing them of any chance to learn the craftsmanship of ordinary living without which a man, and certainly a woman, becomes a passenger. Her religion is a religion evolved from her own thought and experience. It is so starkly independent that it has driven her out of the churches to find God, not in dogma, or theology, or simple faith, but in the essential humanity of life itself.

Briefly, this is a book which is as outspoken as it is mentally exhilarating. It is, moreover, beautifully written. At all times is it wise and compassionate, and yet it is as "tough" as the traditional English temper. It is a book to read over again and to read slowly.

Gay Trifle

WELL, there is absolutely nothing about the war in Rupert Downing's very entertaining story, *God Pardon Us!* (Muller, 7s. 6d.). It is a gaily frivolous affair, written just a little in the manner of an earlier Arlen or a Coward, but with an individuality all its very own. First of all, when I saw the title I thought it was going to be a religious book and was prepared to watch civilisation and society dealt some stunning blows. In reality, however, it is a tale—not only of the Eternal Triangle, but of a series of triangles all revolving, so to speak, within each other. One never quite knows until the very end which couple is going to pair off, or with whom. With plenty of money flowing freely and the Sunny South as its background it is all pre-war to a degree. And this, perhaps, is a virtue; since it gets us away from "all that" and deep into a frivolous world where all the women "come hither" and all the men "go thither" with a will which resembles a parlour game played in a bedroom.

But it is all light and amusing, and if there is not over-much wit there is any amount of amusing back-chat. In fact, the dialogue, of its frivolous kind, is excellent and carries the rather thin story along in a rush of high spirits. Moreover, although there isn't an inch of depth in any of the characters, as surface acquaintances they are very entertaining company. So read the story when you feel in the mood for a gay trifle cleverly mixed and served up.

Escape Towards Horror

FINALLY, Mr. T. C. H. Jacobs' detective story, *The Broken Knife* (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.), manages to invest a plot which is actually no more exciting than most thrillers with an atmosphere of horror which carries the reader on long after the mystery has been as good as solved. Personally, I like stories of this kind to go the whole "horror" hog, since that is the main reason why I enjoy reading them. Well, the writer of this tale manages to build up a creepy-crawly atmosphere very successfully, and this should delight his readers enormously.



Triplets Christened at Thatcham

The three infant daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Thomson, of Cootes, Crookham Common, Nr. Newbury, were christened at St. Mary's Church, Thatcham. They are the grandchildren of the late Archbishop Thomson of York, and of Lt.-Col. Woods, of Alverstoke, Hants. In the group Mrs. Thomson is holding one of the babies. At the back are Commander Michael Hoyle, R.N., and Major Vivian Seymer, D.S.O., the godfathers. Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone, Mrs. Stuart Daniel, Mrs. Vivian Seymer and Mrs. Kenneth Woods are the godmothers.

CORRECTIONS

In our issue of May 28, on p. 312, Mrs. Simon Orde, mother of Flight Officer Hanbury, was described as Miss Campbell-Orde. On p. 319 Henry Kendall, the actor, was inadvertently named Edward Compton. We much regret these errors and offer our sincere apologies.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

A Happy Couple: Lady Tryon and Her Son Anthony

The Hon. Anthony George Merrik Tryon, son of Lord and Lady Tryon, enjoyed being perched on the arm of a sofa, as he was held safely in this lofty position by his mother. The photograph was taken at Little Court, Sunningdale, a charming house of Italian design, rented by his grandmother, Averil, Lady Tryon, from General and Mrs. Buckley. His father, a Major in the Grenadier Guards, is serving somewhere in England. His mother, who was married in 1939, is the younger daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell, Bt., of Floodgates, near Horsham, a keen agriculturist and sportsman

War Art

A Visit to the Studios of Two
Exhibition of War Pictures at

● LORD METHUEN

Lord Methuen is serving as a captain in a regiment with which he fought in the last war for his career as a painter, except occasional evenings of double summer-time. However, his impersonal paintings of landscape and buildings show in Suffolk Street, and one or two war paintings exhibition at the National Galleries. As a young man Lord Methuen had a one-man show of 47 paintings at the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, and from at the Ministry of Agriculture; he is a scientific subjects, and is a Trustee of Galleries. His home is Corsham Court, in Wiltshire at his Primrose Hill studio. He succeeded

● ETHEL GABAIN

Ethel Gabain has been working on commissions since April last year, with evacuation, all kinds of work in the war as her special subjects. By her patient courage of the men and still more of the homes in raids have given Miss Gabain many moving studies. She has two pictures in this the war she was best known to the general public for her famous stage personalities; her portraits of Mrs. and Diana Wynyard were bought respectively by Chester and Liverpool, and her portrait of Lilian Wells. She, like her husband, is also a lithographer. *Jane Eyre* in this medium. She and John Co

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Captain Lord Methuen in His Studio on Primrose Hill



ists

Contributors to the the National Gallery

the Scots Guards—the
—so has little time now
—during the long, light
a number of his reserved,
are to be seen in London :
ne drawings at the R.B.A.
of bomb damage—in the
Gallery. Last summer he
drawings at the Leicester
worked for a time at
1925 to 1932 held posts
so actively interested in
the National and Tate
shire; in London he works
as fourth Baron in 1932

on as a British war artist
s of A.R.P., and women's
mbled areas and the grim,
the women who lose their
rial for some of her most
year's Academy. Before
public for her paintings of
ith Evans, Flora Robson
by Stoke-on-Trent, Man-
in Baylis hangs at Sadler's-
apher, and has illustrated
ley were married in 1913.



Ethel Gabain and a Sitter

Miss Gabain was at work on a portrait of a girl ticket-collector when our photographer visited her studio. One of the finest of her early contributions to the National Gallery exhibition of war pictures was her painting of an A.F.S. girl, haggard with exhaustion. A woman member of a decontamination squad was among her recent sitters



John Copley, His Wife (Ethel Gabain) and His Lithograph of Pavlova



The Copleys Share a Hampstead Studio

Ethel Gabain and her husband, John Copley, share a studio at 10, Hampstead Square, in one corner of which stands this etching press. Mr. Copley is a distinguished lithographer, with work in museums and galleries all over the world. The study of Pavlova on the left is one of his best-known works

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



(Translated from the original Arabic) "Why the — — don't yer
— well hold yer — war in Europe!"

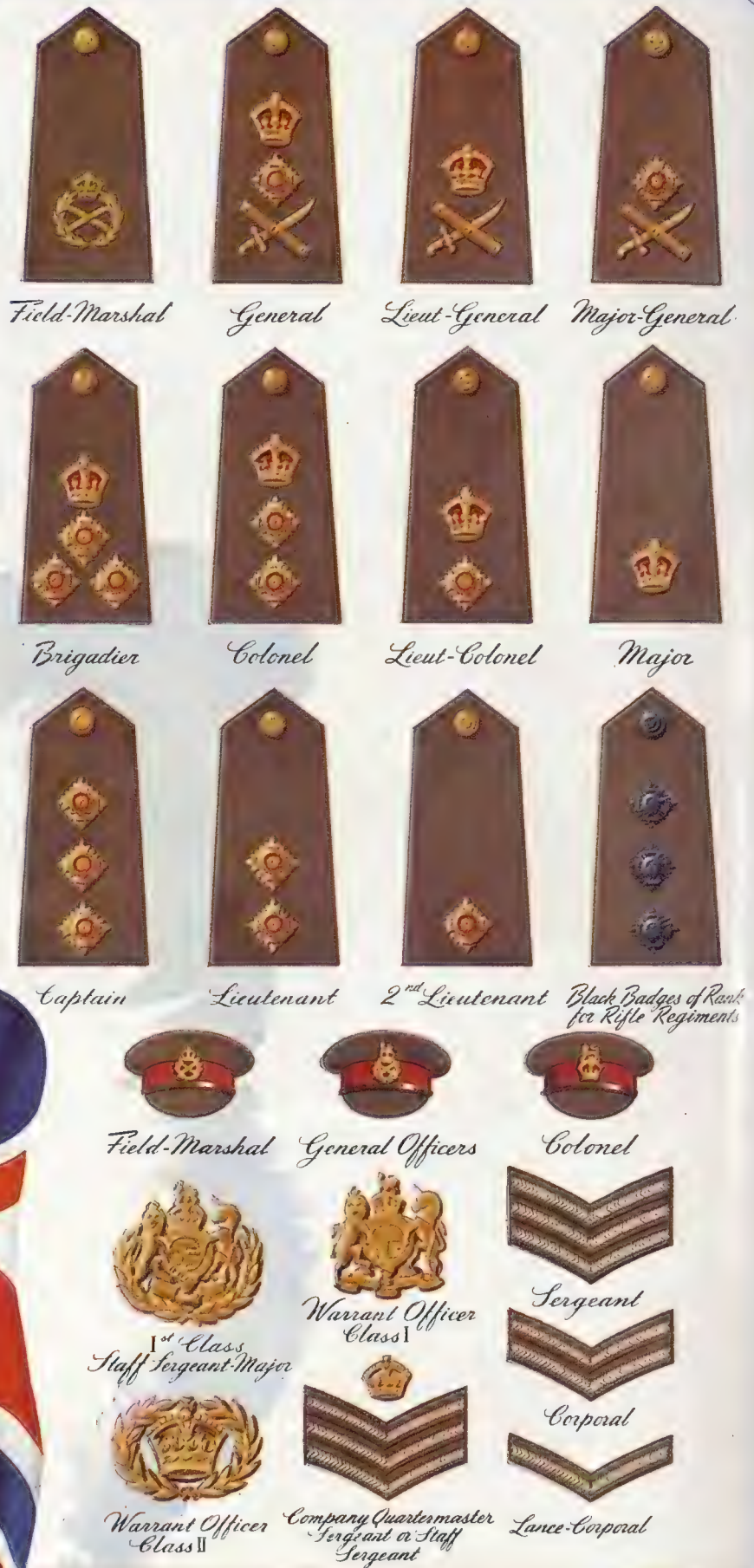


-but there's nothing like a Guinness

except another Guinness



How to recognise rank in THE ARMY



THIS MEDALLION ON A
DUNLOP FORT TYRE
INDICATES DISTINGUISHED TYRE SERVICE



Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Joll—Holland

Flying-Officer Ian K. S. Joll, A.A.F., and Rachel Holland were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington: He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Joll, of Elm Cottage, Galmpton, Devon. She is the only daughter of the late Captain S. H. Holland, and Mrs. Holland, of 1a, Princes House, Kensington Park Road, W.11



Henderson—Burney

Captain Robert I.M. Henderson, Gordon Highlanders, and Honor Burney, daughter of the late Brigadier G. T. Burney, and Mrs. Burney, of 15, Herga Court, Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married at St. Mary's, Harrow. He is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Ian Henderson, of Cleardown Corner, Woking, Surrey



Shewell—Henriques

Lieut. Guy Eaden Shewell, R.C.A., of Ottawa, younger son of the Rev. B. E. and Mrs. Shewell, of Shortacre, Middleton, Sussex, and Anne Penelope Henriques, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henriques, of 9, Astell House, S.W.3, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Gillan—Hoffgaard

Captain D. H. Gillan, Punjab Regiment, son of the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Gillan, of 5, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, and Betty Hoffgaard, elder daughter of the late Captain Eric Hoffgaard, and Mrs. Hoffgaard, of Wolston Manor, Warwickshire, were married in Bombay



Eveleigh—MacFarlane

Lieut. Brian Eveleigh, 16th-5th Lancers, fourth son of the late E. C. Eveleigh, and Mrs. Eveleigh, of Barnstaple, and Jean MacFarlane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacFarlane, of Little Hadlow, Hadlow Down, Sussex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



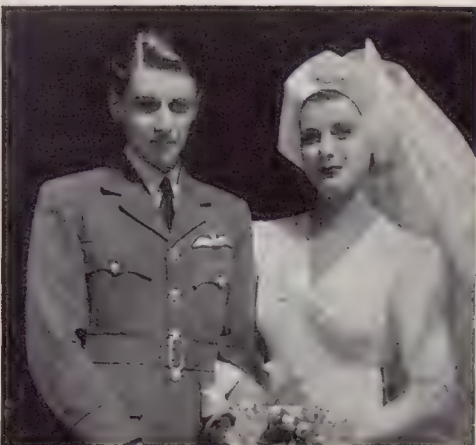
Pease—Higham

Dr. J. C. Pease, son of the Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Pease, of 2, Holywell, Oxford, and Barbara Higham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Higham, of 26, Northmoor Road, Oxford, were married at St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford. Her father is Public Orator and a Fellow of Trinity College



Macleod Wasse—Thurston

A recent wedding in Somerset was that of Squadron Leader Kenneth Michael Macleod Wasse, R.A.F., and Rosemary Claire Broke Thurston, at West Monkton Parish Church. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Vere Broke Thurston, of Glebe Court, West Monkton, Somerset



Weber—Russell-Taylor

Pilot-Officer Mark Lewis Weber, R.A.F., son of Major and Mrs. Charles Weber, of Warfield, and Anne Russell-Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Russell-Taylor, late of Risboro Lodge, Maidenhead, Berkshire, were married at Bray Church



Buchanan—King

Lt. Kenneth Ian M. Buchanan, Royal Scots, son of the late Major K. G. Buchanan, and Mrs. Buchanan, and grandson of W. Buchanan, of Knebworth, Herts., and Catherine King, daughter of T. H. King, Com. of Police, Hong Kong, and Mrs. King, of 157, The Peak, Hong Kong, were married at Kingswood, Surrey

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

From the Horse's Mouth

"THE horse is the friend of man, but he does not always do so!" That is an original remark attributed to Mr. Jabberjee, failed B.A., of Calcutta, and is far truer than that other quite fatuous remark about anything coming straight from the horse's mouth, that animal being more or less dumb, excepting for snorting and neighing. But I have never yet found that you can get much out of a neigh; though you would be a bit dumb yourself if a snort did not convey to you that the moment had come to sit tight and clench your teeth.

As to the possible result of this year's great race, I still do not see why we should accept the Newmarket tip that the placings in the Two Thousand will be reversed, that is to say, that Sun Castle (roughly 10 lb. bad to the winner, Lambert Simnel) should be put at the top; Morogoro left where he was, second; and Lambert Simnel placed third on the list. I don't get it! The Duke of Westminster's colt is entitled to be favourite and Morogoro is the most consistent and honest of the whole fleet. I may be wrong, but I cannot see Sun Castle, and I would rather pick Fairy Prince for the remaining place! He has just beaten Owen Tudor (gave 10 lb.) over a mile and a quarter by two lengths, which equals 6 lb., so he knocks off 4 lb. of the 10 lb. Sun Castle's win in the Melbourne Stakes (1½ miles) does not alter things. Annatom, whom he beat, is not in the front rank and was, furthermore, giving him 3 lb. Sun Castle won by one length, which equals 3 lb.—so what?

The Derby: No Royal Runner

ALTHOUGH disappointment is general that the royal purple and scarlet sleeves will not be seen out in this year's substitute Derby, there was no particular point in keeping Longships in the race, for I fear that the 50-to-1 quoted about him just about represented his chance. However, next year let us hope that the well-performed Myrobella colt (? War Chieftain) may prove to be one worthy to follow in the footsteps of Persimmon (1896), Diamond Jubilee (1900), and Minoru (1909). The two former were home-bred at Sandringham by St. Simon out of Perdita II., who, like St. Simon, traced back on parallel lines to the famous tap-root Blacklock, from whom sprang Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon, and so forth.

I do not suppose that many people know that the royal connection with the Derby dates back to the very first one (Diomed's, 1780). H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, a brother of George III., ran a colt who was by Eclipse, out of a mare by Spectator, and he finished sixth. In the race of 1781, the Duke was represented by another colt by Eclipse, who, incidentally, never ran in any classic, for he was not broken till he was a five-year-old, and in 1782 H.R.H. ran a colt named Epaminodas, who was by Herod, and in 1784 the Duke of Cumberland's colours were carried into fourth place by a colt named Fencer. H.R.H. also had many equally unsuccessful tries to win the Oaks. The Duke died at the early age of forty-six.

The first royal win in the Derby was in 1788, when the Prince of Wales,



Tennis Champion Plays Golf

Ellsworth Vines, a Californian, still under thirty, became lawn tennis champion on his first appearance at Wimbledon in 1932. He was U.S. champion in 1931 and 1932. He has now turned his attention to golf, and recently won the Bobby Jones silver statuette. He played against a brilliant field at Santa Catalina, California, and won with a card of 67-61. He now wears spectacles and has become fuller in the face since he was seen here, at the age of twenty, as an outstanding tennis player

subsequently George IV., won it with a colt named Sir Thomas, ridden by a jockey named W. South, a contemporary of the renowned Sam Chifney, Senior, that master of the *cæsura*, or infinitesimal pause just before the famous "rush."

A Journal from Jerusalem

AND a well-named one at that, for they have called it *The Far Cry*! It is sponsored by the Household Cavalry, and edited by a



Stuart

Cricket at Cambridge: British Empire v. Cambridge University

The British Empire XI's first match of the season was against Cambridge University. W. E. Merritt, the Northants and New Zealand Test cricketer, now serving in the New Zealand Forces, took 7 wickets for 112

Standing: R. L. Chignell, D. V. Knight, T. H. Thipthorpe (Kurseong), P. Judge (Glamorgan), W. M. White (Army), A. C. L. Bennett (Sussex), D. Jenkins (umpire)

Sitting: D. Donnelly (Assam), R. E. S. Wyatt (captain of England and Warwick), Ray Smith (Essex, and captain of the XI.), W. Merritt (New Zealand), M. Bebbington (Darjeeling)



Stuart

Cambridge University drew the match with the British Empire XI. after an exciting finish, the latter only needing 7 runs to win

Standing: W. Gregory (Christ's College, New Zealand and Pembroke), G. Toplas (Rugby and Corpus), W. R. Jukes (Marlborough and Pembroke), T. G. Freeman (King Edward's, Birmingham and Caius), P. H. Sherman (Marlborough and Queen's), G. Watts (umpire)

Sitting: R. M. Holman (Rugby and Jesus), J. A. Dew (Tonbridge and St. Catherine's), Greville P. Baylis (captain, St. Edmund's, Canterbury, and St. Catherine's), R. E. Crighton (Uppingham and Clare), H. E. Watts (Downside and Peterhouse)



Ice Skating Champion's Son

Anthony Graham Sharp, infant son of Captain and Mrs. H. G. Sharp, was christened at All Saints' Church, Branksome, Dorset. His father, son of Major and Mrs. F. G. Sharp, of Parkstone, in the R.A.S.C., holds the world's ice-skating championship. Mrs. Graham Sharp, formerly Miss Hazel Mason, is holding her small son. Her brother, Mr. Kenneth Mason, and Captain Stewart Saunders, R.A.S.C., are godfathers, and Miss Barbara Sharp is the godmother.

Cornet of Horse, 2nd-Lieut. Somerset de Chair, M.P., who has contributed a very remarkable story, which he has entitled "The Night Guard," to this copy of No. 1, Volume I., which has found its way to me. "The Night Guard" is the story of the greatest event in Christian history, but the fact that it is so does not begin to dawn upon you until you have read far enough to realise that it is not just the recital of the adventures of a subaltern of a modern unit

garrisoning the Holy City. It is not until you reach the words: "That was the method by which we executed men condemned to death—a slow and agonising torture," that you fully realise that the story-teller is not a subaltern in the Household Cavalry, but a private of Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard. The writer, who, incidentally, is the author of *The Impending Storm*, *Enter Napoleon*, etc., is to be felicitated upon a quite extraordinary literary achievement.

As to the rest, *The Far Cry* is a wonderful production, beautifully printed by the Jerusalem Press, Ltd., and equally beautifully illustrated by some excellent photo-blocks and line-drawings in a much lighter vein. Speaking subject to correction, I think this is the first journal sponsored by any unit in this present war; at any rate, it is the most important, and upon very different lines to one of its earliest brethren of the last war—that witty and blithesome publication, *The Wipers Times*.

"The Wipers Times"

THE first number of this celebrated journal was dated February 12th, 1916, and was actually printed in an old press just off the Square, which had been partly crumpled by the 5'9's, and the staff of the paper lived in rat-infested, waterlogged cellars, and did their journalistic work in between crumps and scraps. *The Wipers Times* was the child of the 24th Division; its first and only editor, Lieut.-Colonel (eventual) F. J. Roberts, with Captain J. H. Pearson, both Sherwood Foresters, as sub-editor.

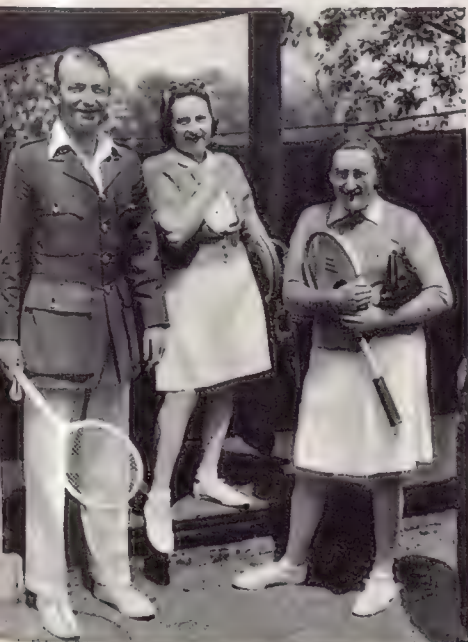
I got into a bit of a pickle with them quite early on, because just before I was sent a copy of their deathless sheet, I had had another paper from the 6th Division (regulars), and I wrongly supposed that *The Wipers Times* came from the same source. I was quickly and very firmly apprised of my error by Gilbert Frankau, who was then one of the paper's leading contributors and, incidentally, its best poet. He said something to the effect that "with a club we

fain would bash your well-groomed head, my Sabretache!"—and a quadruple apology (6 + 4) was demanded. I was so terrified that I complied at high speed, and was much relieved when I read the following reprieve—the original of which naturally I treasure—

We have pleasure in announcing that the special warrants issued to the party proceeding to London to assassinate "Sabretache" of *The Tatler* have been cancelled. The individual members of the party are very disappointed.

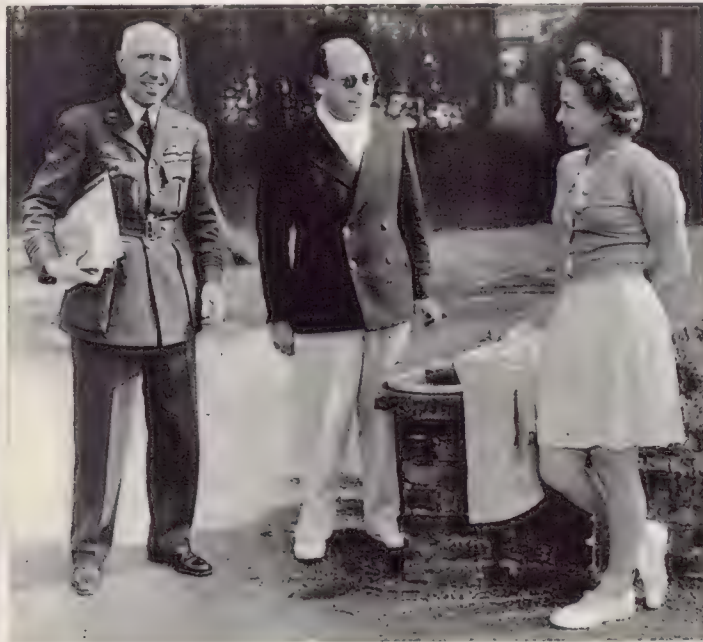
How they Won that War!

A VERY distinguished person, I understand, got very cross with the editor of *The Wipers Times* over a particular little sally which still may act as a caution to any wishful-thinking amateur strategist. I cannot resist the temptation to quote it, so here it is: "In this article I wish to show plainly that under existing conditions [February, 1916] everything points to a speedy disintegration of the enemy. We will take first of all the effect of war upon the male population of Germany. Firstly, let us take as our figure 12,000,000 as the total fighting population of Germany. Of these, 8,000,000 are killed or being killed, hence we have 4,000,000 remaining. Of these 1,000,000 are non-combatants, being in the Navy. [This was written, mark you, before Jutland!—'S.] Of the 3,000,000 remaining we can write off 2,500,000 as temperamentally unsuitable for fighting, owing to obesity and other ailments engendered by a gross mode of living. This leaves us 500,000 as the full strength. Of these, 497,250 are known to be suffering from incurable diseases; this leaves us 2750. Of these, 2150 are on the Eastern front, and of the remaining 600, 584 are Generals and Staff. Thus we find that there are 16 men on the Western front. This number, I maintain, is not enough to give them even a fair chance of resisting four more big pushes, and hence the collapse of the Western campaign. I will tell you next week about the others and how to settle them."



Tennis at Roehampton Club: Exhibition Matches in Aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

Captain Robert Tinkler, Miss Billy Yorke and Mme. René Mathieu were amongst those who played at Roehampton. The two latter won the Ladies' Doubles Championship together at Wimbledon in 1937. Mme. Mathieu is the head of the Corps Féminin, the Free French equivalent of the A.T.S.



Wing-Com. C. W. Carlton umpired some of the matches. With him is a brother-officer in the R.A.F., F. J. Olliff, winner for four successive years of the covered courts doubles championships at Queen's, and also Miss Margot Lumb, who played in these exhibition games and those held recently at Berrylands, Surbiton.



Lieut. Ritchie and his wife are seen after an exhibition match in which the former had just played. He is the son of Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, winner of the Veterans' Singles (All-England Championships) on six occasions between 1919-1935.

Letter From Washington

By Pamela Murray

SPRING is notably successful in Washington; it brings the dogwood and cherry-blossom to bloom, the leaves to the long boulevards, and the Senators and Congressmen to simmering point. To fight or not to fight yet, that is the only question. The scene is painfully reminiscent of Paris; sunshine and continuous hum; action and reaction; talk, talk, talk in beautiful neo-classic buildings framed by trees.

Most finished of American cities, Washington has eventually come of age. This war makes it the capital of the civilised world, crowded to discomfort with representatives of foreign governments—buyers, beggars, humanitarians organising relief, experts with blue-prints for weapons, and "new" dynamos such as young Rockefeller, who motivates an enormous department welding the South American republics to the United States, culturally.

So much is going forward that I cannot give you a comprehensive picture of the hive of bureaucracy, the whispering gallery of two continents. Everybody's telephone rings from morning to night; everybody does some form of war work (especially those most anxious to keep America out) and everybody wants to know where in heck he or she can park the car. Traffic is as much a topic as Intervention. Slowly moving in molten streams, or glittering in the sunlight against the kerbs, it looks like Paris did in the "grande semaine," but the sounds are different, more uniform and less abandoned.

The New National Gallery

It is almost impossible to get into an hotel because of the war influx plus tourists from all over the States converging on the new

National Gallery, a magnificent white-winged building almost as impressive as the railway station and, of course, considerably whiter. I had the good fortune to sit at a dinner-party between young Mr. "Ted" Rousseau, who lectures at Harvard on the History of Art, and youngish Mr. "Johnny" Walker, curator of the gallery in which the Mellon and Kress collections will be joined by the Widener collection after Mr. "Joe" Widener's day.

"Johnny" Walker, whose great-grandfather emigrated from Scotland, is married to a Raeburnesque daughter of Lord Perth. Their courting occurred in Rome, where her father, then Sir Eric Drummond, was our Ambassador. Intellectual Washington appreciates the Walkers, as well it might, and their "coterie" includes the late Virginia Woolf's niece, who is visiting them, and that Creevyesque Irish-American wit and "bon viveur" Walter Prendegast, who was at the American Embassy in London.

Among soul-stirring masterpieces from the Mellon collection, Rembrandt's self-portrait, originally in the Buccleuch collection, is the top, to slang the sublime. The Gallery is wonderfully strong in Rembrandts, Holbeins, Vermeers (The Girl With a Red Hat, so often reproduced) and in all the Italian Schools. Of the four Goyas, two belong to his greatest period, notably the Marquesa de Pontejos, a formal lady whose feet are pointed in the middle of the canvas. Mr. Walker thinks Goya posed her in conscious imitation of the British School. Apparently Goya wrote letters to a friend headed "London," but he was never in London, which touch of wilful fantasy confused his biographers.

The British School is thin at present, but the joy of such a vast gallery in a still-rich new world is that acquisitions and bequests will gradually increase the ratio of its great possessions. None of the three Raeburns is first rate, and the Gainsboroughs are uneven, but one of the loveliest Turners in the world, "Mortlake Terrace," and Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral" relieve the stiffness of the neighbouring portraits.

Washington Personalities

IN the late Sister Agnes tradition is Miss Mabel Boardman of the Red Cross. A grand older lady, who still dines out in gloves, she is responsible for much of the amazing development of the American Red Cross in the past thirty years. She still presides over the Washington Chapter, where in a vast marble hall groups of workers were bending over the inevitable machines, cutters, and skeins, among them a sister of Mrs. Leahy, whose husband, Admiral Leahy, tried so hard to do a good job as American Ambassador to Vichy.

Thence to a meeting of the French Refugees in England Committee, a branch of Lady Abingdon's Refugees of England, founded by Comtesse André de Limur (Ethel Crocker), supported by such worthy ex-Parisians as Princess Boncompagni (Margaret Draper), wearing her French decorations. Mrs. Wilbur Carr, whose husband was the last American Minister to Czechoslovakia before the curtain fell, asked pertinent questions anent the adoption of French orphans in England; while Mrs. Boyd Merriman (the Duchess of Windsor's "Aunt Bessie") took notes. Lurking behind a pillar, anxious to escape the all-female committee, was Colonel Rich, a member, whose sister, Mrs. Findlay, daughter-in-law of the Premier of New Zealand, is with Bundles for Britain in New York.

Some from England

As you see from the snapshots, both Bundles for Britain and British War Relief have shops in Washington (rent free), where they sell



Washington Shopkeepers

Mrs. Butler Wright is "boss" of the Bundles for Britain shop in Washington. Two of her voluntary staff are White Russians: Mme. Mishnow, wife of the last Imperial Russian Naval Attaché in Washington, who runs the office; and Mme. Givotovski, who runs the old-clothes market. Mrs. Wright's husband was American First Secretary in Petrograd just before the Revolution.

anything donated, from elephants to earrings. The former has a distinctly White Russian aroma owing to the influence of hard-working Mrs. Butler Wright, whose late husband was in the American Embassy at St. Petersburg in the last war. The latter is largely British, with cipheresses from the Embassy giving their afternoons off. There I learnt that among the mothers living quietly in Virginia are Mrs. Peel (and son), who has been hunting near Middleburg, the Melton of those parts, and Mrs. "Kit" Burlison (Sheilah Annesley), Nigel Norman's sister-in-law, whose sister "Dodo" is with the Mary Borden Spears outfit. Talking of mothers, the widowed Mrs. Lionel Gibbs has joined her stepsons, who are sponsored by the Sydney Allens, late of Cannes; and Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower has been left by her mother, Lady Mullens, who returned "to see about her garden," which struck New Yorkers as delightfully quaint and English, considering she had been bombed in her garden last year.

Cipheresses include Miss Jacinthe Underwood, a Londoner of four years ago, whose parents, the Eric Underwoods, moved to America in 1937. Young wives at the Embassy include Lady Rumbold (Felicit Bailey), who is looking forward to her second baby; her husband diplomat succeeded to the baronetcy when his father, Sir Horace Rumbold, died last month. Another Embassy wife is Mrs. Hoyer-Miller, whose father was Netherlands Minister in London for years.

The Beaumont-Nesbitts, Charles Peake, lively Angus Malcolm (very much His Excellency's A.D.C.), Neville Butler, Sir Gerald and Lady Campbell, John Foster, and General Charles Lindeman were others glimpsed, the last-named being an old Suvretta ski-er. Though as aeronautical expert he is a Man of Moment, the General talks skiing in P. G. Wodehouse tones and wears a poker face at all times.

A delightful young man at our Embassy is Lieutenant Smithers, Assistant Naval Attaché, who, with Rear-Admiral Potts, his chief, works far into the night. Peter Smithers, R.N.V.R., used to be a barrister and a great friend of that growing legal light Gerald Upjohn, who now gloats over an A.A. gun somewhere in England, which his friends feel to be a waste of talent, as he is a brilliant office organiser. "Mais c'est la guerre."



Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Wallace

Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of America's Secretary of State, and Mrs. Henry A. Wallace, wife of the Vice-President of the U.S.A., were seen together at the Washington premiere of a new stage show, "Somewhere in France," which was to go afterwards to New York. Mrs. Hull, who was Miss Rose Frances Whitney, and her husband celebrate their silver wedding next year. Mrs. Wallace, who married in 1914, was Miss Ilo Brown; she and her husband have two sons and a daughter



Debutantes

Washington debutantes working for Bundles for Britain on Hospitals Day were Mlle. Hélène-Marie de Limur, whose coming-out ball was a feature of the last pre-war season in Paris; and Miss Edith Wright, daughter of the late American Ambassador to Cuba



Irishwoman

Lady Broderick has lived in Washington since her late husband was Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy there. Now she works at the British War Relief shop. She was Miss Marjorie Kelly, of Blackrock, Co. Dublin



American Countess

Comtesse André de Limur (née Crocker) has worked at the Red Cross headquarters in Washington since September, 1939. Her husband resigned from the French Embassy in America when the Vichy Ambassador arrived. Hélène-Marie de Limur (see left) is her daughter



Tin Shakers

Collecting money for the Bundles for Britain Hospitals Day were Miss Anne Sperry, a tall Washington debutante, and Mrs. Leonard Block, a daily worker at B. for B. headquarters. Their stand was a kiosk on Washington's main shopping thoroughfare

They All Help

Some of the People in Washington Who Are Working for War Charities



Descendants of Independence Defenders

Members of the Society of the Cincinnatti (descendants of officers who fought in the War of Independence) organised, in aid of Refugees of France in England, a show of Colonel J. R. M. Taylor's water-colours. Colonel "Jeremy" Taylor is in the centre here; with him are Mr. Percy Blair and Mr. Welling Spencer, retired U.S. diplomats



"Aunt Bessie"

Mrs. Boyd Merriman, the Duchess of Windsor's aunt, is one of the most popular, able and conscientious older war workers in Washington. She was arriving here for a meeting of the Committee for Refugees of France in England, the great outlet for the sympathy of Americans who have known and loved France



Collector

Mrs. Lee Murphy, looking neat and nautical in her dark-blue suit with the Eagle on her jacket and American sailor's cap, was out collecting money for British hospitals. Collectors were beggars, pure and simple, and donors got no emblems in exchange for their cash. Mrs. Murphy is another B. for B. worker

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Air, Air!

SERVICE aviation stands in dire need of several thousand unbalanced, long-haired, goggle-eyed, high-voiced, unwashed, crazy, ill-mannered, drink-sodden, diseased, untrustworthy, pimply, ignorant, uneducated, ill-bred young twirps. I refer, of course, to the uninhibited aeronautical enthusiasts, the flying fanatics, the people who believe that the air is not only omnipresent, but also omnipotent.

The Air Ministry ought to insert in the *Nudist Review*, and have printed on the back of every one of those postcards sold (to adults only) in sealed packets and showing beautiful Paris models of pre-Vichy vintage, advertisements calling for air enthusiasts. A member of the Air Council with a rank not below that of Air Marshal should be appointed to be Director of Aeronautical Enthusiasts.

A special badge should be designed (for when the last trump sounds Britain will have someone to design a special badge and a hideously ugly uniform to go with it) to be worn by these enthusiasts. Rates of pay should be laid down. Schedules of training should be drawn up. Recreation centres should be provided (with depressing rules and depressing rulers). There should be (horror of horrors) "welfare centres."

For those of us whose mournful duty it is to study the war in all its aspects, and who are without political or Service ties, must conclude that the thing this country lacks is the absolute, unlimited believer in the powers of aviation.

Faith Moves Machinery

WE must believe before we can hope to be aurally saved. Crete showed that we still do not believe. When we think of aviation, its limitations spring to mind before its potentialities. We want someone in a high position who believes and says that aviation can do everything and be

everything, and that it can win the war without the help of the other arms.

We have had enough of these polite senior officers who compromise and "take advice" and are swayed by a group of hide-bound and sometimes ill-informed technical specialists, and who delay and defer and think always of the difficulties before the possibilities.

To be blunt about it, I say this: that aviation enthusiasts have been shocked and dismayed time after time by the complete lack of imagination and of faith in flying shown by those who control the destinies of British aviation.

Surely it is because the Navy obstinately believes in the sea that the Navy is master of the sea. But the Navy also knows its responsibilities to the country and therefore it demanded and got its own air arm. It believed in itself and could not trust some other, perhaps less enthusiastic, Service to provide it with the air support it knew it would want in its task of controlling the seas.

At the head of the Air Ministry I want to see someone who believes that aircraft can be used more extensively than the Germans have used them; who believes that aircraft can carry our food to us here in these islands and many of our materials; who believes that, if necessary, aircraft could transport battleships.

Perpetual Surprise

EVERY time the Germans extend the use of aircraft our Service chiefs seem to be taken by surprise.

When about ten years ago I used to annoy the War Office by ringing it up and asking it what it was doing about parachute troops, it used to turn me aside with a cold and



The New A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East

It was announced last week that Air Vice-Marshal (Acting Air Marshal) A. W. Tedder (right) has succeeded Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore as A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East. With him, discussing features of the campaign in this theatre of war, are Air Marshal Roy Maxwell Drummond (left), Deputy A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, who comes from Perth, Western Australia, and Captain James Roosevelt, eldest son of the American President and official U.S. Air Observer with the R.A.F., Middle East

lofty rebuff. Parachute troops, it used to tell me, are not practical.

Now at last it has been realised that parachute troops, parachute supplies, glider troops and glider supplies are practical. It has begun to penetrate to the official consciousness that air-borne tanks are practical. But I am willing to bet that the belief prevails in official circles that Crete has seen the limits of air-borne power displayed.

So, when the next air assault is made, there is scope for the Germans to spring another surprise. To protect us against such surprises the air enthusiast is needed. He believes that air transport can do everything. He has long expected tanks to be carried by air. He has long expected troop-carrying gliders to be used. He is now expecting the big-gun aeroplane and the composite-launched, high-performance bomber. Let us make use of our air enthusiasts.

Miles Better

ALL of which brings me to one particular enthusiast—Mr. Miles, of Phillips and Powis, who is an enthusiast of the informed kind, and that sort, while being much rarer than the wild variety, is even more valuable. He believes, if I interpret some remarks I heard him make the other day, that air power can win this war for us, provided it is applied on a gigantic scale—a scale much greater than anything yet visualised in this country.

And it does seem to me that we must look to air power to deliver what Field-Marshal Goering and others delight in calling the "decisive blow." And while Field-Marshal Goering's "decisive" blows follow one another without ever being decisive, we have to see to it that when we strike we do conclude the present argument and conclude it for good.

I have the greatest respect for our present Secretary of State for Air and for our present Chief of the Air Staff. But I do not think that they are surrounded by enough enthusiasm. When Lord Beaverbrook was Minister for Aircraft Production we saw what enthusiasm can do.

We have plenty of enthusiasm in this country; but we have also vast numbers of people whose one delight is killing it. They must temporarily stand in abeyance while the enthusiasts get things moving.



Officers of an R.A.F. Squadron Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Sq.-Ldr. Whitley, Flt.-Lieut. W. N. Charnley, Sq.-Ldr. H. H. Longley, Sq.-Ldr. G. A. B. Cooper (Commanding Officer), Flt.-Lieut. G. C. Hyde, P.O. W. G. Gasquoine (New Zealand), P.O. J. Lane. Back row: P.-O. V. R. Borman, F.-O. H. T. Macaulay, P.-O. T. Ness, P.-O. L. E. B. Austin, Lieut.-Colonel Young, Captain H. W. M. May, M.C., P.-O. J. W. K. Richardson (Australia) and P.-O. T. W. Kawalecki

Everything of Military Importance



The jackets, and the Sam Browne belts which surround them; the pockets, and the things they contain; the shoes and the socks to go inside them; the greatcoats, and the badges which differentiate them; the caps and the insignia which distinguish them. We have the uniform situation well in hand—

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

HE had always been a very heavy sleeper, and now his wife had been evacuated he found it impossible to wake in time to get to the office at a reasonable hour. In desperation he bought an alarm clock.

The next morning, he was roused from deep slumber by a loud knocking on the front door. Going down, he found an irate policeman holding an alarm clock, which was still ringing madly.

"Can't have this, you know," said the arm of the law sternly. "You can't disturb the whole neighbourhood like this. Take it inside."

Yawning, the householder took the offending article, and said: "You know, I wondered how the milk bottle got upstairs in my bedroom."

THE bus was starting in the midst of a torrent of rain, when the conductor put his head inside and inquired: "Will any gentleman get outside and oblige a lady?"

"She can come inside and sit on my knee, if she likes," said a passenger jocularly, and, to his great surprise, in bounced a buxom woman, who forthwith appropriated the offered knee.

After a time, the man got into conversation with his burden, and asked her where she was going. On hearing her destination, he exclaimed, "Bless me, that's my house!"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, blushing. "I'm the new cook!"

"**M**AY I ask," said the officer, "what on earth all you artillerymen are doing wandering about and climbing trees?"

"We've camouflaged the gun so well, sir," replied one of them, "that we can't find the ruddy thing ourselves."

THE new recruits to the barrage-balloon squad had received all sorts of instructions, one being that they must make sure there were no leaks in the balloons.

An hour or so later, the sergeant on duty was astonished to see one of the rawest of the newcomers start to climb the cable, a bucket of water dangling from him by a rope.

"What the —— do you think you're doing?" he roared.

"The other chaps say there's a slow puncture in the balloon," was the reply, "and I've got to find it."

THE high-speed salesman had joined the Army, gone into action, been wounded. For several days he lay delirious, but eventually he turned the corner.

On the first day of his recovery he was surprised to see all the nurses standing round his bed, offering him money.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Why, for the radio and refrigerators you sold us while you were unconscious," they chorused.

THE wife of a recently-married Aberdonian had successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis. A day or two after the operation her husband was having a drink with the doctor, who happened to mention that the operation should have taken place two or three years earlier.

The Scotsman thereupon sent the bill in to his father-in-law.

LITTLE Anne had been evacuated to the country, to stay with an aunt who held strong views on the behaviour of small children. And Anne wasn't at all happy.

"You're homesick," said her aunt, one day. "That's what's the matter with you."

"No, I'm not," sobbed Anne, "I'm here-sick."



"Three to one ain't much of a price for an outsider"

"Well, we don't raise our prices just 'cause there's a war on"

HE had been out on a binge, and returned home very late indeed, and very merry indeed. His wife was waiting for him.

"Why don't you give up drinking for my sake?" she pleaded.

"But I don't drink for your sake," replied her husband brightly.

"I've no sympathy with a man, who goes out drinking night after night," the exasperated wife snapped.

"A man who goes out drinking like that doesn't need any sympathy," came the reply promptly.

THE party of tourists were being shown round the famous valley by a guide who boasted about the marvellous echo.

"Just listen," he said. Lifting his voice, he shouted: "I know."

"I know," came the echo.

"Where I can buy——"

"Where I can buy——"

"A bottle of whisky——"

"A bottle of whisky——"

"For a shilling!"

"Where?" asked the echo eagerly.

A SMALL boy asked his father how wars began.

"Well," said his father, "suppose Britain quarrelled with France."

"But," interrupted his wife, "Britain would never have quarrelled with France."

"I know," he answered, "but I'm taking a hypothetical instance."

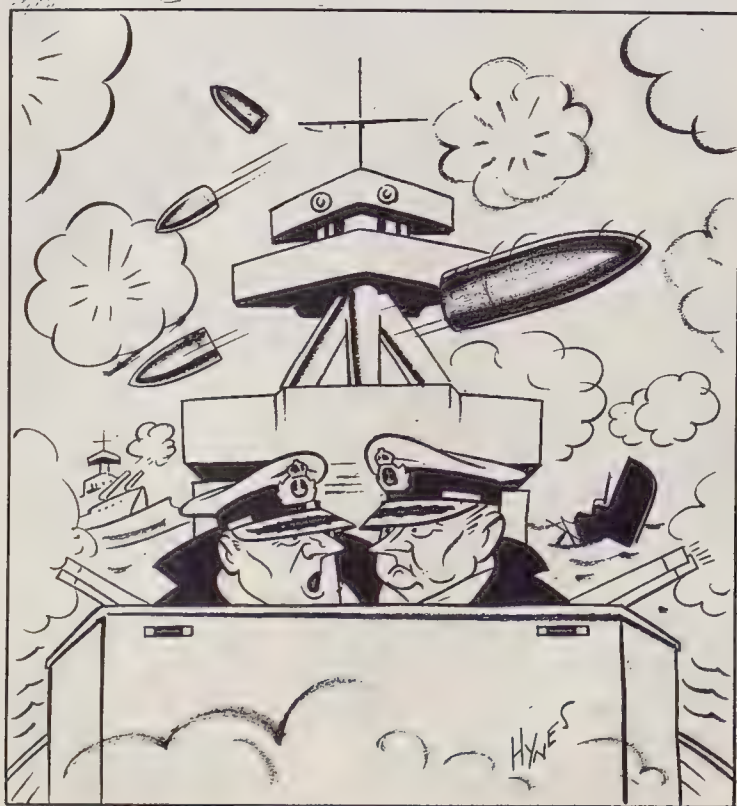
"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"I certainly am not," he snapped.

"Yes, you are."

"I'm not."

"All right, Dad," said the boy, "I think I know now how wars begin."



"Get any rough shooting down your way?"

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Suits and Ensembles
Ground Floor

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. Brooke

Simple Summer Tailor-Mades

Pleated Skirts, Contrasting Coats

"Slogan" Scarves and Dress



Nothing is able to cast a shadow across the path of a perfectly tailored suit. Jays, Regent Street, have assembled in their salons on the second floor a representative collection of models in summer as well as early autumn fabrics. The vogue for the contrasting coat and skirt is plainly shown. To them must be given the credit of the ensemble above. It is a study in navy and pigeon grey, carried out in summer saxon. The corsage of the frock is grey, relieved with a navy yoke, the sleeves being short. As will be seen, stripes appear on the coat, the scheme being completed with a white hat and bag. Many suits are carried out in tropical suiting, as well as in flannel, the latter being from 10½ guineas. There are a limited number of others from 8½ guineas

Every woman realises that there is nothing more decorative than fur, and under all circumstances it gives a social uplift to a dress. Vanek, 4 William Street, Knightsbridge, also Bournemouth, who has an enviable reputation for tailored suits, has contributed to this page the silver fox cape portrayed. It looks equally well when draped round the figure. He is particularly clever in matching the patterns of tweeds. Hence, no jarring note is ever struck, and at the same time the graceful lines of the figure are emphasised. He has implicit faith in the continuance of the vogue for the contrasting coat and skirt, and of the results he is justifiably proud. Another point to be mentioned is that the quality of the materials is of a very high order of merit



Jacquar, 16 Grosvenor Street, have achieved renewed fame by the introduction of their slogan specialities. The colour schemes are subtle and gay and strike a delightful note of originality. First there came "London Wall," the large scarf square bearing many of Winston Churchill's well-known sayings. Again, there is "Careless Talk" and "Idle Rumour." So popular were these materials that others for blouses and dresses swiftly followed. These designs are now available on Shetland wool accessories. It is a silk Slogan dress that appears on this page, with a neat belt, short sleeves and turnover collar. Another point of interest is that it fastens at the back

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K.7 Rayon Satin	Bust 32", 34", 36" ...	8/11
		9/11
K.C.7 Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" ...	11/6

FRENCH KNICKERS Sensibly cut but fascinatingly flared Waist

F.K.4 Rayon Satin	- 25", 27", 30", 33"	5/9
F.K.C.4 Rayon Crêpe	- - - -	5/9

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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

I AM becoming a golf addict. Last month I played golf; before this one is out I shall have watched as fine a foursome of women as might be hoped for even in the piping days of peace. The effort is in aid of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, and all proceeds will go to supplying food, clothing and blankets to those left destitute by air raids, as well as comforts for the fighting services.

Nobody, therefore, can question that it is emphatically a good thing for such an exhibition to take place, whilst as for the good things to be expected from a golfing point of view, when Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. A. C. Critchley (Diana Fishwick) take on Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Maureen Ruttle, sparks ought to fly with a vengeance. That none of these have a hope of anything approaching true form will only add to the fun of the fair, and I for one, and a sudden devotee of the game, taking it up as a war counter-irritant for another, are thoroughly looking forward to the afternoon out. It is to be hoped that many others will be able to do likewise.

Cuddington, between Banstead and Cheam, is the place; Sunday afternoon, June 15, the date; 2s. 6d. the price of admission. Since this is a four-ball match the shots to be seen should be cheap at the price.

MEMORY is a little vague over when I last saw any of these four play. Miss Barton, yes a very tired champion it was, public spirit alone dragging her to represent Surrey in the divisional final at the Berkshire a few days after winning the Open at Portrush. Since then, one sight of her at a London ambulance station, in those days of 1939 when drivers sat and waited, and wondered if their chance of doing anything would ever come. Ever come! Miss Barton drove through the Battle of Britain; there is little enough she has not seen; her present job in the

W.A.A.F.S. must seem haven after stormy seas.

Mrs. Critchley; dear knows when she last hit the ball, with my note book and camera in attendance; possibly London Foursomes of 1939; Miss Morgan playing but not competing in the South Western Championship which was such an extraordinarily pleasant week at Burnham that summer; Miss Ruttle at Portrush, getting beaten at the twentieth by Miss Kathleen Garnham.

PETROL, time and money are naturally not to be squandered on any game but judging by how much better tuned up I felt for the next day's work after my own essay round portions of Roehampton, and the pleasurable anticipation of that *Daily Sketch* match at Cuddington, it really seems worth while making some effort to play the game, if only as an aid to the efficiency that is wanted for the war effort. Putting aside the use of it, the sheer pleasure surprised me. There was unexpected excitement in the attempt to hit the ball. Some of the shots were also surprising—both ways; the comparative excellence of the first tee shot, the hopeless futility of all the others; the positive thrill of some well-hit irons, which somehow recaptured the delight of childish days, when to get the ball off the ground and see it soaring over a hedge between two fields was the height of ambition.

ROEHAMPTON was playing extraordinarily well; such defence measures as have been taken there have added unmistakably to the golfing virtues of certain holes; so has the altered order in which the course is played, and the greens were in condition which would not have provided excuses even for the most inveterate grouser who ever failed to win the Gold Cup or *Bystander* Foursomes there.

It was really refreshing to visit this happy hunting ground for many years and to hit the ball. The dose must be repeated, and is heartily recommended to others who may have shared my own previous wartime feeling that playing the game could be omitted without anybody being a whit the worse.

THAT is a digression from Cuddington, which should not have been left without a word of congratulations to the organiser of the *Daily Sketch* golf, Miss Betty Debenham, on being alive. Hers

was one of those amazing escapes that have replaced the "my bomb" series in conversation. Miss Debenham's flat, and its contents, was wrecked in a recent blitz; she and Bill, that delicious tailwagger whose discrimination between golfing crowds and the Press is well known, were away for the night.

Similar was the merciful sequence of events for Mrs. Crosthwaite, Surrey's ex-captain. For some months she and such junior members of her family as are not actually serving, had been at Plymouth, in which neighbourhood Colonel Crosthwaite is stationed. Some insignificant reason sent them up to Sutton for a day or two, and the first night they were gone their Plymouth house was demolished.

Tatler and Bystander Monthly Golf Competition

In accordance with the wartime arrangement to award spoons every month in proportion to the number of cards received in each handicap division, the following are awarded for May:—

SILVER DIVISION (handicaps 18 and under)—Mrs. H. Garrard (Kingsthorpe): 87—17=70: Scratch score 74=4 below.

BRONZE DIVISION (handicaps 19 to 36)—Mrs. E. O. Measor (New Course, Calcutta): 96—32=64: Scratch score 75=11 below.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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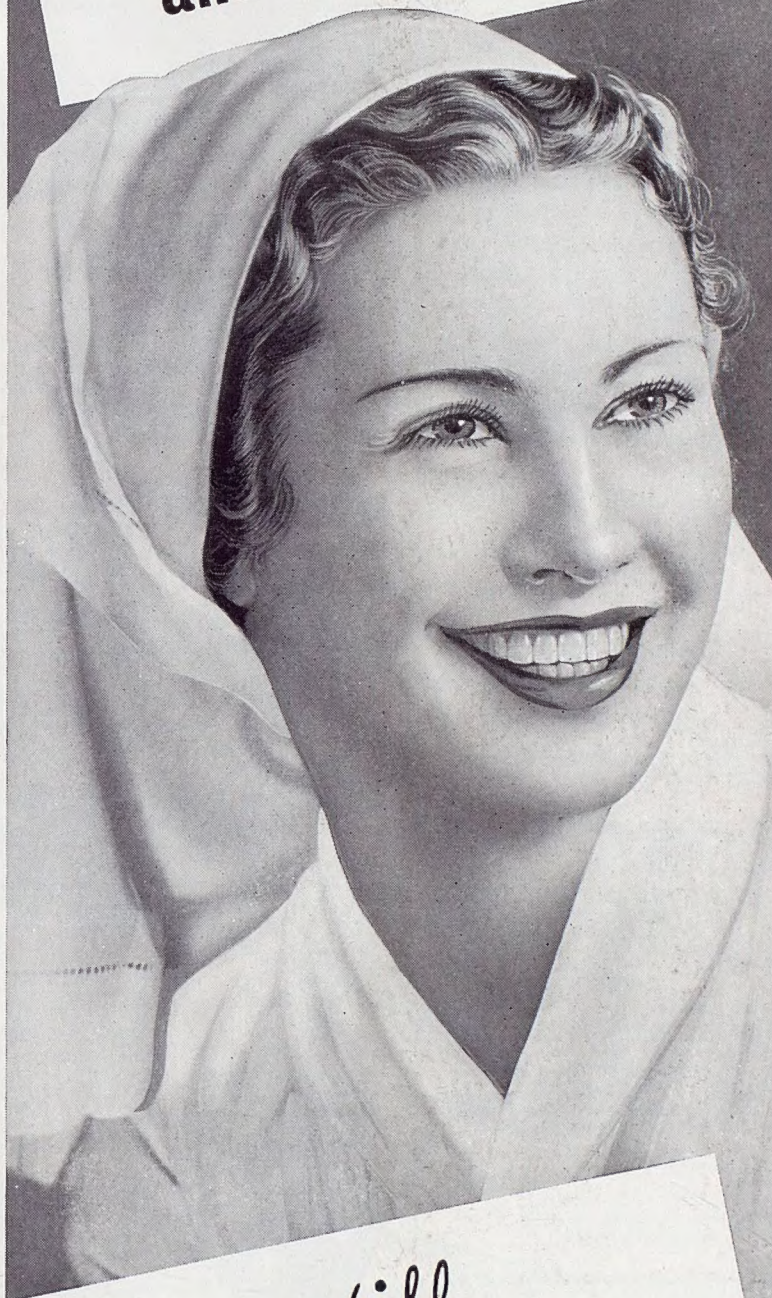


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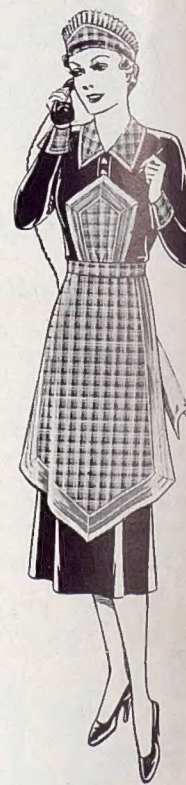
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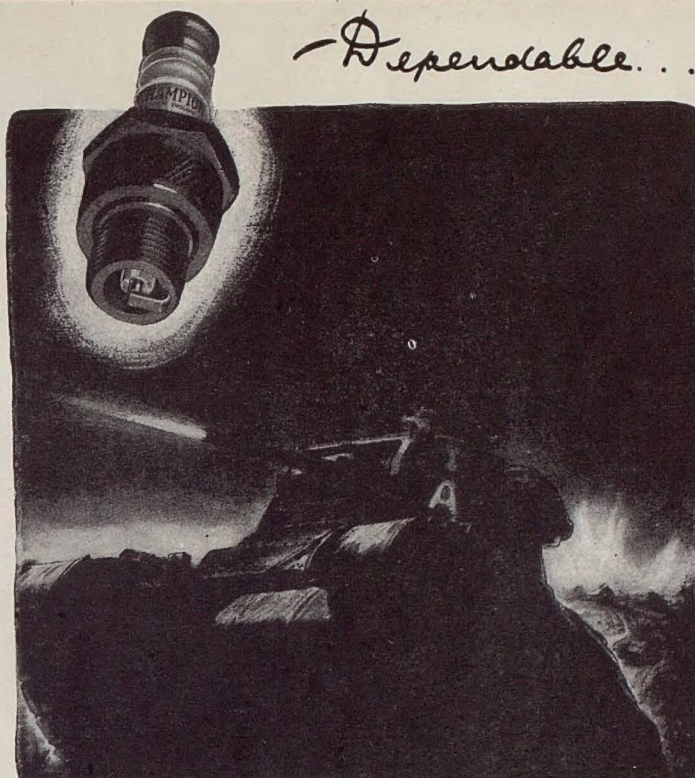
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